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IN MEMORIAM.

REV. WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, LL.D.

WE present herewith a threefold tribute of love and sorrow to the memory of the great and good man whom God, in His mysterious providence, has recently taken from the Church on earth to the Church on high. The first is by the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, ex-President of the English Conference, and Editor of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, from whose pages it is taken. The second is by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, and was dictated by him while lying on a sick couch, to the short-hand reporter of a Montreal daily paper, upon the arrival of the tidings of Dr. Punshon's death. The third is the beautiful account by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., of Montreal, of the last hours of Dr. Punshon, which, as a son in the Gospel, he was permitted to cheer. We have the promise of still further personal recollections by Bro. Johnston, who enjoyed relations of peculiar intimacy with the honoured dead.—ED.

I.

William Morley Punshon was a good man; one in whom we must "glorify God." He was greatly good, and manifoldly great: a man to whom one might well point as an illustration of "the excellency and nobleness of the Christian religion." His magnificent oratorical powers cast somewhat into the shade intellectual qualities both rare and of a high order. He was, indeed, a God-made orator; in imagination, in sensibility, in his whole mental and physical build. Himself no mean poet, his sermons,

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speeches, and lectures revealed a poet's temperament, a poet's fancy, and a poet's wealth of words. In his highest moods he rose to the very first rank of English eloquence. We have heard from him, both as a preacher and lecturer, passages of ornate oratory not surpassed in any of the recorded speeches of Edmund Burke, and strains of superb rhetoric which Ruskin might have envied even in his genial youth. His voice, when it came into full play, was melodious and commanding, of vast compass and of marvellous modulation—the mighty, yet most flexible organ of imagination, emotion and intelligence. O'Connell's voice was not rolled forth from a more perfect or a more mastered mechanism for volume and articulation. His elocution, with its startling emphases and its appropriate action, was, in his happiest moods, consummate. He was made to sway great masses "as the trees of the wood are moved" by a mighty wind.

Yet William Morley Punshon was, first of all, a Methodist preacher—a preacher of the Gospel. He was a true son of Methodism. His character, as much as his creed, was cast in the mould of Methodism. He was never away from its influence. Even during his boarding-school life, under the care of the worthy Independent minister, Mr. Roscoe, near Heanor, Derbyshire, he formed his life-long friendship. It was there that our David found his Jonathan—that William Morley Punshon first met Gervase Smith. In his native Doncaster; in Hull, the place of his conversion; in Sunderland, which sent him into the ministry, he inhaled Methodist influences of the most potent and penetrating kind. In his grandfather, Mr. Morley, of Hull, he saw it in a firm, precise, archaic type; whilst in the Waltham Street Society he would read the clear impress of such men as Joseph Benson, Richard Watson, John Storry, and Richard Reece. His earliest spiritual life was nourished by "the sincere milk of the word" as administered by the last-named venerable preacher, and by Joseph Fowler and Peter Duncan, and by Samuel Romilly Hall, under whose energetic and urgent evangelism he was "brought to God."

Every one of these instrumentalities told perceptibly upon his receptive, plastic, retentive, many-sided nature. His own Methodism was *Wesleyan* to the very core. His opening speech from the Presidential chair was at once a manifesto and a model of

genuine Wesleyan loyalty and catholicity; the clear perception of, and unwavering faith in, the providential mission of Methodism, and its blessed future, if faithful to, and wholly intent upon the fulfilment of its grand vocation. The like broad-breasted, big-hearted catholicity rang out in every syllable of his reply to Mr. Dale's ever-memorable address at the Conference of 1879.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." But charity was the very inspiration of Morley Punshon's eloquence. After all, his truest greatness was his character. His soul seemed as translucent as the ether on Alpine summits, to which no fog or mist can ever rise. Guileless and trustful as an infant; *in malice a child*, howbeit *in understanding a man;* he was eagerly appreciative of ability in others, whilst ever inclined to under-estimate his own. Wherever any sign of any sort of excellence could be discovered, in a candidate for the ministry, in senior or in co-eval minister, Dr. Punshon was sure to find it out, to give to it and to claim for it the fullest recognition. His slowness to detect or to admit a failing in any brother, and his leniency towards it when it could not be questioned any longer, were equally remarkable. He was the sure advocate of merciful dealing with the faulty. He *hated putting away.*

His bearing in society was so winning, that in hundreds of homes, doubtless on both sides of the Atlantic, his removal will be felt, not only as an irreparable public loss, but as a real personal bereavement. The utter absence of self-consciousness, the easy affability, the decorous pleasantry, and dignified playfulness —all this was most attractive and endearing. Tenderness and affectionateness were amongst his strongest characteristics. In his most magnificent recitations he never was so powerful as in his rendering of passages of the simplest pathos. We can never forget his giving out of the hymn: "Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow"—the last time we heard him preach, at Dalkey, on the Sunday evening of the Irish Conference. Nothing could be finer, more subduing, or more healing. Alas! he had been schooled in sorrow. The secret of the premature break-down of his powerful physique lies in three words: strain, sorrow, sensibility. Twenty years ago, as early as 1861, when

he had only been sixteen years in the ministry, nature began to protest emphatically against his excessive mental and physical exertions. Upon the burden of his circuit-work, which he never held lightly, and his exacting Connexional engagements, as by far the most popular Methodist preacher and speaker of the time, there supervened his herculean labours as a lecturer—first the mental effort of production, and then the enormous physical exertion and nervous outlay of delivery. It was only after the most-arresting danger signals had confronted him that he began to slacken speed.

But sensibility and sorrow completed what a too lavish expenditure of mental and bodily energy had begun. It was not his voyage across the Atlantic or his travellings across the American continent that brought him low, but his frequent pilgrimages to the grave's mouth. The stress of feeling and of grief was too great even for his large, strong, manly heart.

Over how many of his distinguished friends and brethren has William Morley Punshon read that "liturgy of immortality," the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians! How short a time it is since he read it at the funeral of Sir Francis Lycett and that of Dr. Jobson! The last time we met him was on the occasion of the latter solemnity. He was brimful of brotherly sympathy and solicitude, though he himself had left for awhile the bedside of a dying son to pay the last tribute to a departed friend. The thought that he would so soon follow never suggested itself to any mind. But he was ripe for his removal, and had well earned his rest.

II.

The late Rev. W. Morley Punshon was born in Doncaster in 1824. In the opening of his mind, the attributes of language and memory which gave him such power in subsequent life began to develop themselves. His first taste seemed to run in the line of politics. It is remembered by those who knew him in boyhood that the promise of his coming distinction was won in a debating society, where his marvellous power of recollection enabled him to name every member in the House of Commons with the constituency represented by him. Enthusiastic by nature, and thus gifted with rare endowments, when he became the subject of converting grace he at once took rank as a youth

of great promise. As a local preacher, and in his first station at White Haven, in Cumberland, to which he was appointed at the age of twenty-one, he more than sustained the promises of his early youth. It was in 1851, when twenty-seven years old, that he burst with meteoric brilliancy on the great metropolis, by his two first lectures in Exeter Hall; by his delivery of "Elijah the Tishbite," and especially by his "John Bunyan." Seldom, if ever, has that mighty audience been lifted to a higher enthusiasm, and never was a greater ovation tendered to an orator than at the close of the latter, when the immense audience, rising to its feet, cheer after cheer was given, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, and hundreds crowded up to congratulate the orator. Henceforth he was recognized throughout England as an orator who claimed rank with the very first in the land. In the analysis of Dr. Punshon's powers it is manifest that his distinction did not arise so much from original power of thought or the play of that broad generalization, nor in the amplitude of his intellectual resources. He had not the insight which goes down to the foundations of truth, and uncovers with the instinct of genius its hidden and sublime relations. His was the power to take familiar thought and robe it in the brilliance of poetic diction, adjusted with the mastery of rhetoric, and delivered with an oratorical skill which it may be safely doubted the present generation will ever see surpassed. His grand physique, his power of vivid presentation, with that play of fancy, that incarnated beauty in language rare and artistic, and the wondrous emphasis which seemed to veil the imperfection of his voice, will make his ministrations and addresses a lasting memory of pleasure to all who heard him. The style of Dr. Punshon's preaching was not abstract and speculative, but intensely evangelical and practical. With rippling sweetness and tender grace, his was eminently a ministry of consolation to sorrow, inspiration to those who were bowed and broken, waking to sublimest emotion under the shadow of the cross, while it was his to walk the inner sanctuary of the soul and flash the torchlight of his revealing into the darkest and vilest recesses of degraded hearts, kindling inspirations after a higher and better life. His great achievements as an orator on the platform tended to shade his pulpit excellency, but in his palmy days in the pulpit, regal was his power over the mighty masses to whom in Leeds, Bristol,

London, and elsewhere, he ministered. The distinction of Dr. Punshon, however, did not alone rest on his wondrous powers of speech. His mature judgment, and capacity for business, brought him into prominence in the councils of the Church. His advent to Canada in 1868 was hailed with delight all over the Methodist Church, and indeed throughout the Methodism of the entire continent. In every department of Church work he was a power for good, and by his influence, especially through Ontario, secured the erection of some of the noblest temples, particularly the Metropolitan, of Toronto. His successful conduct of affairs in this country at once marked him out for place and confidence on his return to England in 1873, and the next year he was elected President of the English Conference, and appointed as one of the missionary secretaries, having entrusted largely to his care the conduct of the finances of that great society. His influence has been widely felt on the continent, and his name was potential throughout the three kingdoms, Dr. Punshon was a man eminently generous and far-reaching in his sympathies. He raised large sums of money for church purposes, even to the extent of fifty thousand dollars for one scheme, the erection of Methodist churches in certain watering places around England, and gave freely from his own resources. He adds another to the list of those who have worn the dead leaves of sorrow around the heart while engaged in great achievements. The desolations of death have oft invaded his domestic circle, and the last stroke, which robbed him of his eldest son, led him to bow his head, which so soon was to rest in the grave. Undeniably the most brilliant ornament in the pulpit of English Methodism disappeared with his death. Uncounted multitudes who hung upon his lips mourn to-day that the tongue of the charmer who sought to woo to a higher and nobler life is silenced forever.

III.

In the month of March of the present year, Dr. Punshon set out on a trip through France and Italy for the recovery of his health. At Genoa, he was stricken down, and was there met by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, who accompanied him back to England. It is at this period of his return that we take up Mr. Johnston's narrative.—Ed.

I shall never forget the radiant smile Dr. Punshon wore as he

entered his own home, and the sense of satisfaction with which he lay down to rest in his own beautiful study. And there we gave thanks to God, who had given him strength to accomplish the long journey from the shores of the Mediterranean. His mind at rest and surrounded by familiar, loved objects, for the first day or two symptoms of improvement appeared; but the disease which was manifesting itself all along *(congested pneumonia)* now reached its height. All this time his mind was in full activity, and in the intervals of rest from his oppressive breathing and extreme nervous depression, he was bright and cheerful. There was the glow of sympathy, the flickering fire of humour, and he showed the kindliest interest in all around. He manifested the most delicate consideration for the comfort and feelings of others. Yet, withal, there was a deep undercurrent of spiritual feeling that turned continually heavenward and Christward. The shadow of eternity was upon his spirit, and he longed to rise above all doubts, and questionings, and mistiness into the unclouded light of God's countenance. I said to him one evening, "Why do you talk so despondingly about the future, you are not afraid to die?" "No," he answered, "but I have a love of life." "But you have had the highest human satisfaction—you have had the deepest sorrows, why should you wish to live?" After a moment's pause, the characteristic reply was, "It is the rapture of living—I do not like to think that my work is ended." Noble man! He had consecrated all the energies of his great mind and heart to the service of the Church, and to the glory of that Lord and Master who had joined together so many gifts in one life, and lent that life to the world. His labours so well and faithfully bestowed, his duties so conscientiously performed, were done, and the valley of shadow was before him—but we knew it not.

On Sunday special prayer was offered for him in the Brixton Chapel, where he was wont to worship, and in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where Mr. Spurgeon prayed for him as his beloved brother, and said, "Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick. Make haste to help him." And when I brought him the message of love and sympathy from Mr. Spurgeon, who bade him be of good cheer, and sent him word that his own seasons of sickness were times of deepest despondency, he seemed to be cheered and strengthened. Yet he himself could not be brought to say that

he was better. But while alert as to his physical condition, his spirit was ever tender, and he was always ready for prayer and the Word. He would say, "It is such a comfort." He had a constant hunger for spiritual conversation, and so greatly did he desire to show forth the spirit of Christ that he constantly expressed fears lest in his paroxysms of suffering he should manifest any impatience. His expressions regarding himself and his work were characteristic of his habitual state of humility of mind and meekness of heart. He disclaimed all goodness in himself. He would say, "I feel utterly unworthy, but my trust is in Christ."

Mrs. Arthur mentions one of the touching incidents of his stay in Cannes. They had visited the potteries at Vallerais, and as they stood round the potter with his wheel, and watched the facility with which he changed the form of the clay in his hand, and impressed his mind upon it, she looked up in amazement and met Dr. Punshon's eyes all suffused with tears, and he said,—

"Mould as *Thou* wilt my passive clay!"

He was being moulded, and was ripening for entrance upon his immortal inheritance. On Tuesday night, the 12th of April, he rested quite well, and on Wednesday morning the physician found him much better. But toward evening he became restless, and walked unaided to the chair in which he died. There was a failing heart-power, and the sound of the Bridegroom's approach fell on his quick and watchful ear. As we gathered round him he asked for prayer, and himself joined in supplicating grace and strength according to his need. He then said: "You have come to see me die." We all sought to cheer him with assurances that he would soon be better. I said, "Never fear, dear Doctor, you will have an abundant entrance into the kingdom." His mind turning to death-bed triumphs, he replied, "*I do not ask that. Let me only have peace. My testimony is my life.*" My steamer was to sail from Liverpool next morning at nine; I had delayed leaving London till midnight, that I might be with him to the last. The time of parting came, and as I kissed his forehead he said, "Good-bye; I shall be translated; when next we meet it shall be above," and he looked upward. I said, "Oh, no, Doctor, I hope you will get well, and that we shall see you again in Canada." He indicated by look and gesture that he dissented.

As I left the room, he waved his hand and said, "*Bon voyage.*" I reached Liverpool early next morning, got on board the steamer, which soon pushed into the Mersey, and the tender, which brought the remainder of the passengers on board, brought me a message that he had passed away very suddenly at one o'clock on the morning of Thursday, the 14th of April. I had only a moment to get my luggage on board the tender, and get back to the shore. Taking the first train back to London, as we sped along, my whole being overwhelmed with sorrow, in tears and prayers, I could yet hardly bring myself to believe the sad intelligence. But as I entered the shadowed home, with its breaking hearts, and stood in the silent chamber where I had so lately left him in life, I saw everywhere the mournful tokens of the solemn severance between body and spirit. *There* was the bed on which he had lain, the chair on which he had sat, the portraits he had loved to look upon, and the books he loved to read; but the brow of that massive intellect was cold, palsied the eloquent tongue, the lips so often touched with a live coal from off the altar, sealed; the eyes, those windows of the soul of the orator and faithful ambassador for Christ, closed:

> "And Death upon those features pale and still
> Had laid the impress of his fingers chill.

I learned that after I left, Rev. Mr. Osborne, his associate in the Mission House, called and offered prayer, in which he most fervently joined. Shortly after midnight he had become suddenly worse, and the heart that had always rallied before refused to do its work, and he asked, "Am I going, Doctor?" His physician with a sigh, answered, "Yes." And then his heart turned to the human in love, and to the Divine in trust. His devoted wife, who had watched over him with unspeakable affection, day and night through all his illness, with breaking heart asked, "Have you a message for me, my darling?" And he said, "I have loved you fondly; love Jesus, and meet me in heaven." Morley was with them, but she thought of his absent and youngest son, and said, "And Percy?" Tell him to love Jesus, and meet me in heaven." "And yourself, how do you feel?" "I FEEL THAT JESUS IS A LIVING REALITY—JESUS! JESUS! JESUS!" One heavenly smile, one rapt and upturned glance, and the head dropped—there was silence broken only by the sob of a widow—and WILLIAM MORLEY

PUNSHON was no more—his spirit had passed upward to the bosom of God.

For him we need shed no tears nor rend a garment in token of our grief. He has departed to be "with Christ which is far better." Gone in the maturity and plentitude of his powers—gone from his work and from us who loved him so well. In the full tide of his usefulness, when he seemed to be needed most, the Church has been bereft of its chief ornament. His sun has gone down in the splendour of high noon, and no words are more fitting and appropriate to his departure than his own eloquent reference to the sainted Alfred Cookman: "He went home like a plumed warrior, for whom the everlasting doors were lifted as he was stricken into victory in his prime; and he had nothing to do at last but mount into the chariot of Israel and go 'sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.'"

The unlooked-for calamity has fallen like a thunderbolt upon the public mind. Everywhere the tidings were received with astonishment and the profoundest sorrow. His most intimate friends have been shocked at the suddenness of the stroke, and overwhelmed with grief. The mourning is universal. It is as though "one lay dead in every house." Expressions of sympathy and reverential grief have come pouring down upon the smitten household like the leaves of a forest in autumn; and a great cloud of incense is moving before the throne of God and of the Lamb, on behalf of the widow, and the fatherless, and the bereaved Church. No one can estimate the loss to the Church and to the world which the death of such a man entails; and we cannot read through our blinding tears this page in the book of God's mysterious providence; but we know that the Master he so much delighted to honour has called him home to the fullness of his vision and love in the time that He knew to be best, though to us it seems not.

His remains were laid in Norwood Cemetery:

> "Hic cineres, ubique nomen"—
> "His ashes here, but everywhere his name,"

—a name untarnished as the sun and resplendent with lustre, for he was the Apollos of Methodism, and of the modern pulpit the anointed *King*.

With what intensified emotions I have written these hurried

lines! I know now why I was brought to England in mid-winter. I have had a mission here. His bereaved wife, when I returned to the home I had just left, sobbed out, "It was so good of you to come back. He loved you—he loved you!" I feel it to have been an unspeakable privilege to have been able to minister any comfort in his closing hours, to one whom we have all so delighted to honour. He said often during his illness, and with great tenderness, "You are such a comfort to us!" His closing hours were linked with holy memories of his joys and sorrows in Canada. I love to recall every word spoken during my stay with him, every pressure of the hand, every token of endearment, every glance from—

> "The sweetest soul
> That ever looked through human eyes."

I give thanks to God that I have been permitted to call a man of so great, and noble, and royal a nature, *my friend.* And I know his friends in Canada who revered and loved him, and now mourn his irreparable loss, will take comfort in knowing that their sorrow was represented at the grave. As I look upon the casket in which is enshrined all that remains on earth of this "polished shaft," and weep my farewell, I desire to cling afresh and to God to the compassionate Christ. There is no hope for any of us but in Him.

I look upon the weeks spent with the great and gifted man, who has gone from the Church and from the companionship of friendship, as among the most privileged of my life. As I think of him now, summering high in bliss with God Himself, and remember our seasons of communion, his pantings after God, and his beautiful resignation and cheerful hope, his utter distrust of self and simple faith in God, I feel that the shadow of eternity was projected over his spirit. Oh, to have realized it! He playfully called me the chaplain, and treated me ever as a son. I loved him more than a friend—as a father. From the day he came to Canada, he took me to his heart, and has ever since been so true, so ready to counsel and assist, so full of gentle goodness and geniality of heart. In the familiarity with which he favoured me, I have been with him in his unsurpassed efforts—the very flood-tides of his resplendent career—yet such was his innate humility and unfailing modesty, that I never remember an instance in which he seemed other than unconscious of his mar-

vellous gifts and unparalleled success. He bore his honours and his greatness with unaffected simplicity, and though the wealth and splendour of his genius charmed and fascinated me, yet the manliness of his character, and the kingly greatness of his heart, won the deeper homage of my being. I so regret not being with him at the last; it seemed cruel to leave him in the supreme moment of his dying anguish. Yet, when on my return to Tranby, after his death, I chided his medical adviser for allowing me to depart only a couple of hours before his death, he replied, that although he knew that his condition was critical, yet he suspected that the strained heart would rally, and the last scene came upon him with a bewildering surprise. The Master had said, "It is enough; enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

The bereaved and sorrowing Church mourns his loss "with a very great mourning," and a funeral, such as mighty London seldom sees, bore testimony to the honour and affection in which he had been held. The chapel was densely crowded, and the address of the President of the British Conference, Rev. E. E. Jenkins, was one of exquisite tenderness, extraordinary discrimination, appropriateness, and mental and spiritual power. His body was attended by thousands to the grave; and there, with aching hearts and burning tears, they laid away all that remained of him who had stood confessedly and pre-eminently the preacher and orator of British Methodism, and among the first and most eloquent speakers of the world. How impoverished are we, but how rich is he!

"THY KING COMETH."

"Behold, thy King cometh unto thee."—*Zech.* ix. 9.

COMETH in lowliness,
Cometh in righteousness,
Cometh in mercy, all royal and free!
Cometh with grace and might,
Cometh with love and light,
Cometh, beloved—oh, cometh to thee!

UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

PLEASANT it was when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.

The green trees whispered low and mild ;
It was a sound of joy !
They were my playmates when a child
And rocked me in their arms so wild !
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
But distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

FROM GALILEE TO DAMASCUS.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, B.D., LL.B.

THE Sea of Galilee is about fourteen miles in length, by from five to seven in width. Lying 650 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, its climate and productions partake somewhat of a tropical character. On the western side, a narrow plain of varying width separates the green sloping hills from the water; but on the eastern side the brown hills rise more abruptly from the shore, forming a bold front for the table-land of Bashan beyond. Very beautiful is this lake with its fringe of oleander and other bushes, its grassy slopes, and wavy outline of hills. After a swim in its waters, we sat upon the shelving beach through the quiet evening hours, talking about the strange

events of which it had been the scene. Here and there a duck could be seen floating motionless; occasionally the plunge of a fish could be heard, and from the boat slowly making its way down the lake, came the low song of the rowers. We watched the shadows deepening on the opposite hills, and long after the

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

stars were reflected in the calm surface of the lake, we still lingered, reluctant to break the charm of an hour so full of interest.

After a hasty visit the next morning to the hot springs that flow not far away, we embarked in three large boats. Each boat was furnished with a mast and lateen sail, and had a crew of four men. Landing at Tiberias, we spent a short time in wandering through its narrow, crooked streets, and pricing some of

its goods. We were evidently as much objects of curiosity to the people as they were to us. Tiberias was formerly one of the sacred cities of the Jews, and, for three centuries after the destruction of Jerusalem, was their metropolis and the home of the Sanhedrim. Here, too, was established one of the most famous of the Jewish schools, in which some of their most eminent rabbis taught. Here was compiled about A.D. 200, that mass of Jewish traditional law known as the *Mishnah.* So, also, at a later period, were written here the commentary called the *Gemara,* and the critical work, the *Masorah,* designed to preserve the Old Testament in its purity. In its cemetery is the grave of the great commentator, Maimonides, the shrine to which the footsteps of many a Jew from far-off lands are turned. All along the shore, reaching nearly to the hot springs, are scattered the ruins of some ancient city of splendour; but the Tiberias of to-day presents rather a faded, worn-out look, with its ragged walls, empty, ruinous buildings, and dirty streets. In some houses, however, we noticed attempts at cleanliness in the shape of whitewashing.

In coasting up the lake, the boat in which I sailed started nearly half an hour before the last of the other two. We thus had time to land for a few minutes at the little village or hamlet of Mejdel, composed of half a dozen mud hovels. Obscure and miserable though it be, its fame is world-wide, simply because Mary Magdalene was the friend of the despised Jesus. Its name is commemorated in that magnificent imitation of the Greek Parthenon, the Madeleine at Paris; in that favourite haunt of students, Magdalen College at Oxford; and even among the highlands of Abyssinia, in its hill-cresting capital, Magdala. The village stands at the mouth of the ravine known as the Vale of the Doves, which runs to the south-west, between steep and lofty crags, to the Mount of Beatitudes. To the north stretches the well-known plain of Gennesaret, four miles in length by two and a half in width, exceedingly fertile and well watered, and capable of sustaining thousands of people.

Gathering a few oleander blossoms, we embarked once more on water whose mirror-like surface gleamed brightly in the rays of the morning sun. A slight breeze springing up, we hoisted our sail and sped merrily along. "I wish," said the pastor of McCheyne Memorial Church, Dundee, who sat by my side, "I

wish we could have a squall which, without putting us in danger, would give us some idea of the storm that filled the hearts of the disciples with fear." Ill-omened wish! Scarcely were the words spoken when the wind came fiercely down the gorge we had just passed. It rapidly increased in strength, until it raged and howled about us furiously. Suddenly, crack went the boom from its fastenings, a ripping sound was heard, and our sail was rent again and again. There was no help for it; the fluttering rags were hastily furled, and the heavy, clumsy oars were put out. Fortunately we had reached the shelter of a low point; but even with this advantage, it was only by "toiling in rowing" that we could gain the shore. Two men at length jumped into the water with a line, and thus towing and rowing, we came to our camping-place at Khan Minajeh.

We were closely followed by the second boat; but where was the last of the three? With her sail torn and her oars broken and useless, she had come to anchor off the mouth of the gorge, where the full force of the gale was spent upon her. It seemed as if nothing could withstand it, and it is not surprising that those on board were filled with fear. The boat was leaky, the waves dashed over the sides, and there was nothing to bail with but their hats and boots. Quietly they sat in the bottom of the boat, but to most of them it was a time of solemn thought. At length, after two hours of peril and anxiety, help came to them in the shape of a long line, borne by two men floating out on empty water jars. Scarcely had they landed when the wind ceased its raging as suddenly as it had risen into fury; and the party, wet and weary, but thankful for their deliverance, travelled the rest of the distance to the camp on horseback.

Close to our camp were the crumbling walls of an old deserted khan, that once resounded to the voices of travellers, who formerly passed in crowds along this road. Near by, too, is the Fountain of the Fig, so called from the large fig-tree whose roots are watered by the stream that flows from the base of the cliff that here juts out into the lake. This is one of the supposed sites of ancient Capernaum.

Mounting our horses, we climbed over the low front of the hill, passing through a narrow path or aqueduct cut out of the solid rock. On the other side we descended into a pretty vale, through which flows a pleasant, babbling stream. A small

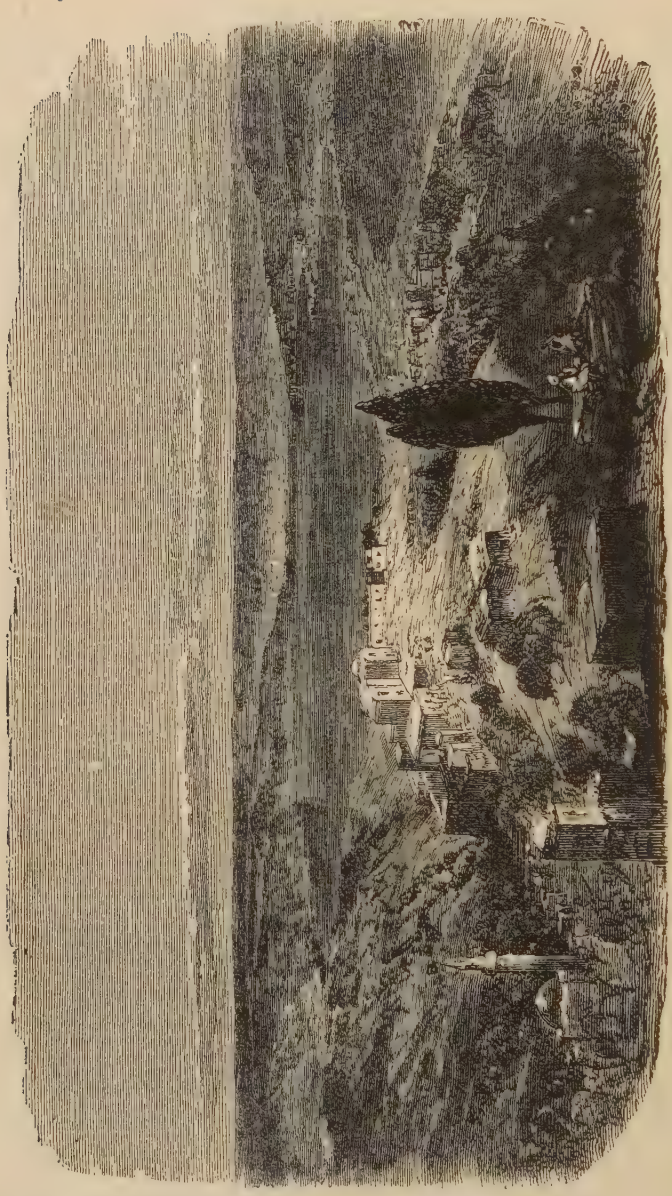
hamlet clusters around the little water-mill whose wheel is turned by the current. There are also to be found the remains

Tel Hum, Ruins of Capernaum.

of an aqueduct and large reservoir, and some other ruins. This is the supposed site of the Galilean Bethsaida, the home of

Peter and Andrew, James and John, and Philip. On this shelving sandy beach they played when boys, and when men they drew upon it their nets full of fish, such as still abound in this sheltered spot; and somewhere about here they heard the Master's words, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men."

A little further on, at Tell Hum, we came to some more ruins on a sloping plain, whence there is a fine view down the lake. A portion of the ground has been excavated, bringing to light the sculptured remains of what seems to have been a costly synagogue. There are other ruins farther inland; but there is no voice or relic to proclaim which of the cities of renown and doom once stood here, and echoed to the voice of warning and merriment. Sad and strange the fulfilment of prophecy, whereby the very sites of Chorazin and Bethsaida, and the Saviour's "own city," Capernaum, have become unknown! In quiet thought we rode back to camp, watching the storks, and drinking in the loveliness of the scene. How busy had all this region once been; the home of a thriving and prosperous people, and now so quiet and desolate! A single ruinous town, half a dozen miserable little villages, and the black tents of the Bedouins, are the only tokens of human life and enterprise; and in place of the half a thousand vessels of Roman times, you could, perhaps, muster half a dozen. Yet the charm of the Master's presence is over it all. Many of His mightiest works and most wonderful teachings were in this neighbourhood. Not far away He twice fed the multitudes with miraculous bread. From yonder plain He entered a boat, and taught the crowds that lined the shores, gathering lessons of wisdom from the tares and the lofty mustard plant that grew around them. On that farther slope He spoke to them of "the city set on a hill, that could not be hid," doubtless pointing to Safet, which, perched on its high eminence, is visible to all the region round about. Over on those eastern hills He met the fierce and raging demoniacs, and healed them, so that they sat at His feet "clothed and in their right mind." Over these waters He often sailed, and upon them He walked as upon a marble floor. Amid the ragings of the storm the wind and waves heard His "Peace, be still," and became hushed, as a babe to its mother's lullaby. And in yonder haven He met His disciples after the resurrection, and gave them charge, "Feed



Safet, the "City Set on a Hill."

my lambs; feed my sheep." No Christian heart can possibly visit those scenes without emotions such as few other spots on earth can produce.

That night it was long before I slept, as I thought of these

things and listened to the thunder crashing, echoing, and dying away among the surrounding hills. The next morning we started afresh on our journey, amid squalls of wind and rain, upon which our ponies would fain have turned their backs. It was our only rain-storm, and long before noon we were once more in the bright sunshine. On a neighbouring hill we turned and took our last look at the beautiful and memorable little sea, and one could not but think of McCheyne's farewell lines :—

"How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee !
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

"Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm, reposing sea ;
But ah ! far more ! the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

"O Saviour ! gone to God's right hand—
Yet the same Saviour still—
Graved on my heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill."

Our course during this and the following day lay up the Valley of the Upper Jordan, a green and fertile tract, bounded on the west by the bare brown hills of Galilee. It is almost without inhabitants. In a distance of thirty miles there are only three small villages. The first evening our camp was in the neighbourhood of Lake Merom, near whose waters was fought Joshua's last great battle with the foes who so fiercely disputed with him the possession of Canaan. The lake is in the shape of an oval, from three to four miles in diameter, and is tame and uninteresting. North of it the Jordan soaks through several miles of a heavy morass. Towards noon of the second day we turned eastward across its head waters, passed over the Hasbany by a well-built Roman or Saracen bridge, and settled down to lunch under the shelter of wide-spreading trees, an oak and a terebinth, at Tell-el-kady, or Hill of the Judge. This is the site of the ancient city of Dan, marked as the northern limit of Israel's possession, in the expression, "from Dan to Beersheba." The hill is nearly covered with a thick undergrowth, and from its base, clear and full, flows one of the upper branches of the Jordan.

A ride of four miles to the East, brought us to Banias, site of the ancient Cæsarea Philippi. All around are the remains of this ancient city, which, after its foundation by Philip the Tetrarch, attained to great size and splendour. It is a charming spot, and, doubtless, was at one time a favourite place of resort. Just in the rear, and at one side, rise the slopes and crags of the anti-Lebanon range, to the height of from 5,000 to 8,000 feet; while to the west and south extends a beautiful park-like country, dotted with clumps of trees and well-watered by the Jordan. The little town stands on an elevated area, formerly a massive fortress, covering an extent of four acres. On a high hill to the east, stand the well-preserved remains of a magnificent castle, the shelter and stronghold of hundreds of armed men in old crusading times. The source of this branch of the Jordan, which has its rise here, is very remarkable. It flows full-sized from the base of a lofty crag. Deep in the heart of the mountain is this spring of the sacred river hidden. Close by is a large cavern, with its floor covered with rocks and *debris* from the roof. Amid its darkness were once celebrated the mysterious rites of the great god Pan, and in front of it Herod the Great erected a splendid marble temple to the praise of Augustus Cæsar. But Pan is dead—

> "'Twas the hour when One in Zion
> Hung for love's sake on a cross;
> When His brow was chill with dying,
> And His soul was faint with loss;
> When His priestly blood dropped downward,
> And His kingly eyes looked throneward—
> Then Pan was dead."

In the face of the rock are niches for statues, and a few half-effaced Greek inscriptions can still be traced. This was the northern limit of the Saviour's journeyings, and it was here that, in reply to the question: "Whom say ye that I am?" Peter gave utterance to the memorable confession that enthrones the Saviour far above all "thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers:" "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And here, it is supposed by many, He was transfigured, and was enrobed in the brightness and glory of heaven.

All the next morning we were engaged in clambering up the slopes of the Anti-Lebanon, to the height of 5,000 feet. We

repeatedly halted to gaze on the ever-widening view that met the eye as we looked backward. Crossing an extensive plateau at the top of the pass, where the black basalt contrasts strikingly with the white limestone, we at length caught sight of the plains of Bashan, stretching far-off to the east. The level surface is diversified with knolls and clumps of bushes, while in places the deceptive mirage presented the appearance of placid little lakes. Descending rapidly, we came at length to a deep vale, made by projecting spurs of the mountain. It is called the Vale of Paradise, and as the road leading down to it is exceedingly steep, stony, and slippery, we dubbed it the Way of Purgatory. Through this valley flows the swift-flowing Pharpar.

After lunching in a small grove close by the water side, and in the presence of a rabble of boys and girls from the adjacent Druse village, we started again by a narrow and somewhat perilous path, until we came to the open plain. That night we encamped at the little village of Kefr Hawr, whose chief glory is that it owns the remains of a marble structure which passes for the tomb of Nimrod—king and hunter. The place is noted for its strong gales, which come rushing down from the snow-clad heights of Hermon. They seemed to know that we were strangers, for they did their best to drive us away. The canvas fluttered, and the tent-ropes were strained to the utmost, and more than one of our frail structures came tumbling down.

A six hours' ride next day brought us into Damascus. By the way, we passed the spot where tradition says Saul of Tarsus was smitten to the ground, and beheld the vision of Christ. It is at a slight rise in the plain, whence can be obtained a very pretty view of the white buildings of the city, making a fine contrast with the sea of dark green foliage around. As we drew near to the city, groves, gardens, and villages multiplied. This plain is about twenty-one miles in width, and is at an elevation of about 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and being well-watered, is of great fertility. Scattered upon its surface are about one hundred villages, whose inhabitants number about 40,000. Damascus is a city of great commercial and political importance, and has a population of 150,000. Having a history reaching back to the earliest historical times, and commanding one of the best avenues of Eastern trade, it has always been a prize coveted by the world's conquerors. Again and again its

streets have been red with slaughter, and its buildings have perished in the flames. Even as lately as 1860, during the Druse massacre, from 3,000 to 5,000 were brutally slain, and about 6,000 houses in the Christian quarter were destroyed. It is one of the great meeting-points of the east and west. In its bazaars the products of Bagdad and Persia lie side by side with goods from Lyons and Manchester. In its streets you jostle against English and American tourists, Arabs from the deserts, and stalwart mountaineers from Lebanon. Long trains of camels

Street in Damascus.

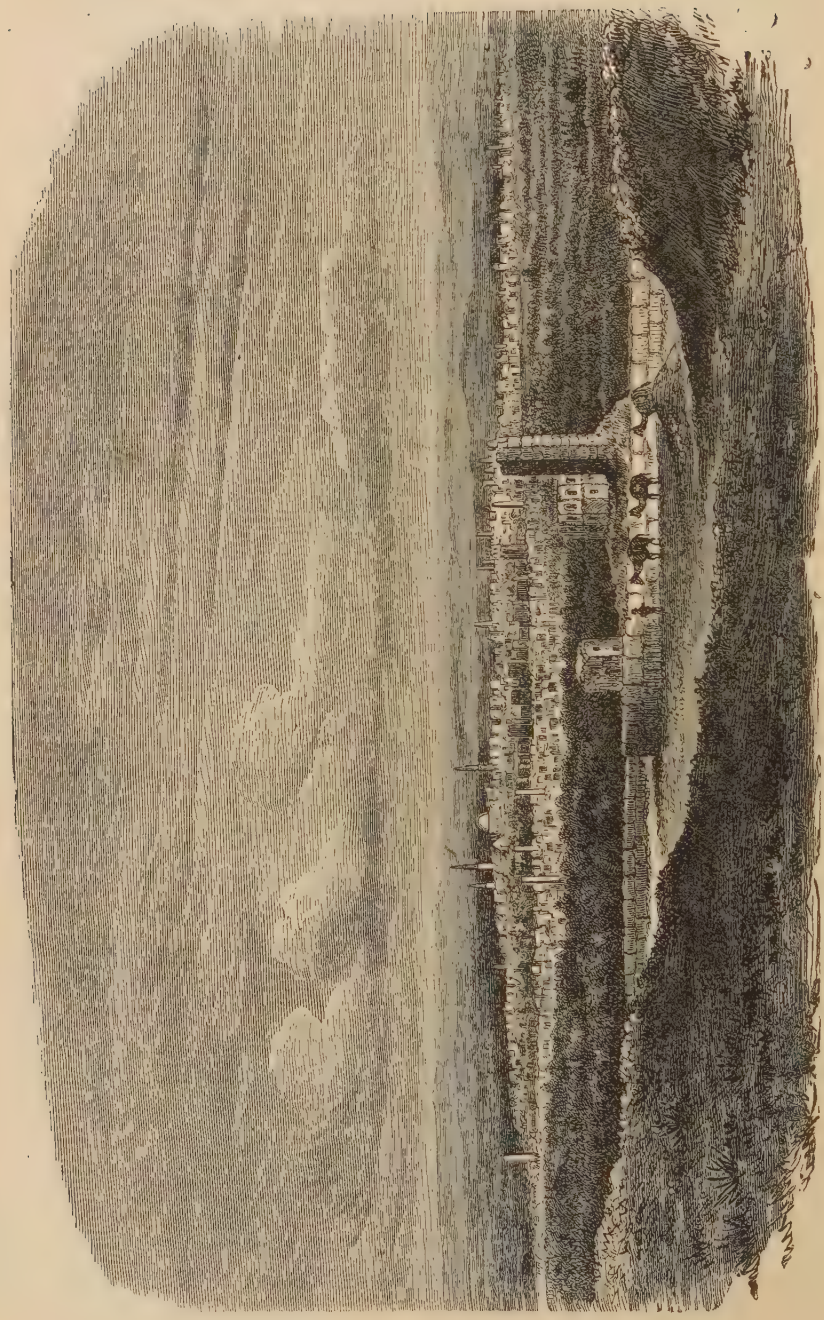
are constantly arriving from far-off journeys. There is a very fine macadamized road built over the two mountain ranges to the sea, and a daily stage is run to Beyrout. The city proper is about six miles in circumference, and is surrounded by old tumble-down walls.

The beauty of the city, when seen from a distance, has become famous. One of their poets has written: "Though old as history itself, thou art as fresh as the breath of spring, blooming as thine own orange flower, O Damascus, pearl of the East!" But when you enter, much of the beauty disappears. The road winds

among lovely groves and gardens, and then for some distance along the banks of the wide, swift-running Barada. This river, the ancient Abana, is one of the chief attractions of Damascus, and in sauntering along its low banks, one does not wonder that proud Naaman should look with contempt upon the muddy waters of that petty stream, the Jordan. The canal system of this river and the Pharpar, is one of the most complete and extensive in the world.

Arriving at the narrow iron portal of the hotel, we entered, and found ourselves in a shaded court-yard, having in the centre a small fish-pond. To reach our room we were conducted to the roof, of the building, and then down into another small secluded court. Our bedroom was furnished with a small fountain, and at the upper end the floor was raised from two to three feet. All the rooms open on these courts, and none upon the street. This is the rule, and so the streets present a very dull and dead appearance.

After a short rest, we set out to survey the city. We at once found ourselves in a tangled labyrinth of streets, narrow, crooked, dirty, and swarming with ugly, gaunt, mangy curs. Pariahs of the dog-tribe, they show no brightness or intelligence in face or gait; but are a scowling, sneaking, treacherous lot. We first directed our steps to the bazaars, which seemed to me to be cleaner and more extensive than those in Cairo. Covered over for miles with a light roofing, they become a favourite promenade, and if you want to study the costumes of the people, you will find them there in picturesque variety. As I have already described the bazaars of Cairo and Constantinople, I need not enter again into particulars. There is the same grouping of wares and workshops, and in some places, as in the coppersmith street, the ear is deafened with the din and clatter of many hammers. Sweetmeat and tobacco shops abound; perfume and spices gratify the senses; and fountains here and there pour forth their streams to refresh the thirsty. All the sights, so familiar through our boyhood's reading of the "Arabian Nights," are brought before the eye, and one is ever meeting new surprises and comicalities. The street cries are said to be very quaint and musical. The water-seller says, "Refresh thy heart," or, "Allay thy heat." The burden of the cress-seller's song is, "Tender cresses from the spring; if an old woman eats them,



View of Damascus.

she will be young again next morning." The seller of nosegays holds up a beautiful bunch of flowers, and cries, "Appease thy mother-in-law."

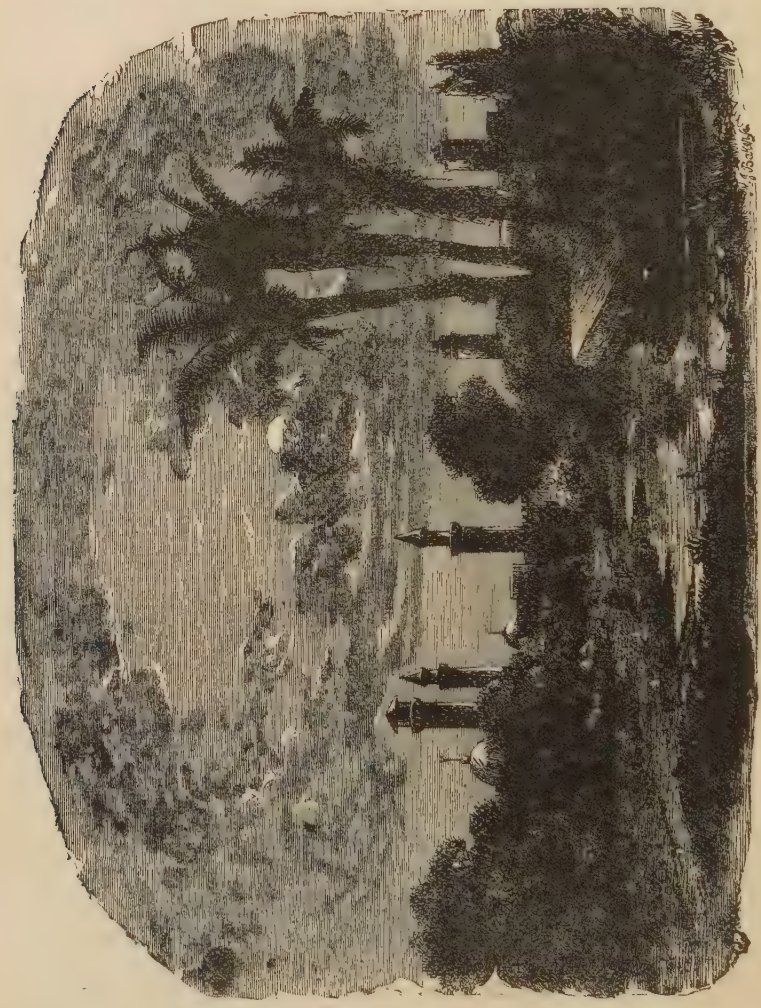
Pleasure gardens abound. These are generally on the banks of the Barada, or one of the canals flowing from it. We visited some of them, and found them filled with crowds of gaily-dressed men and women, lounging under the trees, smoking and sipping coffee and lemonade, and seemingly full of merriment. One thing we noticed especially—there was no drunkenness. We travelled for weeks in the East, going through the most crowded parts of large cities, and never saw a drunken man. God speed the time when, in this respect, we shall occupy as high a ground as those nations upon which we now affect to look down.

To give us some idea of an Eastern house, we were conducted to the costly homes of two Jewish bankers. Mean in their exterior appearance, and with an entrance-yard so filthy as to excite disgust, they were pleasant enough within. It is said no exterior display is made, so as to avoid exciting the cupidity of the mob or the oppressor. The apartments were luxuriously furnished, and indicated a free and easy life on the part of the proprietors. Among other apartments, we were conducted to the ladies' smoking-room, still fragrant with the sweet-scented smoke of the latakia. The flat roof provides a pleasant promenade for the evening hour, and affords a good view over the white buildings of the city and its green groves, to the brown slopes of the Lebanon beyond. The gardens in the suburbs, with their dense foliage, feathery palms, and in the background the domes and minarets of the city, are very attractive.

One of the chief points of attraction to the Christian is the street called "*Straight.*" It is about a mile in length, and has lost its ancient grandeur. It was once 200 feet in width, and was divided into three avenues by rows of Corinthian columns. Of the pillars, only two or three remain, and down the middle of the street has been built a row of shops. We visited, also, the most ancient gate of the city, which has been walled up for about 700 years. Possibly it may have stood in the days of Paul. We were told that its foundations were 4,000 years old. Not far away is the spot where tradition says Paul was let down in a basket from the wall. In some places the houses still project over the wall. We were also shown the traditional

home of Ananias, now converted into a Latin chapel. All such locations are to be received with a very decided mental reservation.

The most noticeable building in the city is the great mosque, which we spent some time in examining. It is of great size,



SUBURBS OF DAMASCUS.

489 feet by 324. The floor is of tesselated marble, covered with Persian rugs, and its walls are faced with mosaics and polished blocks of various hues, while rows of noble Corinthian pillars divide the interior into nave and aisles. It was formerly a

Christian Church, long before the false prophet arose, and even before the days of Christ. It seems to have been the site of a heathen temple. From any one of its three lofty minarets, a very fine view of the city and its surroundings can be obtained. Under one of the cupolas, it is said, the head of John the Baptist is preserved in a gold casket. For centuries the crescent has triumphed over the cross; but the day is not far off, we trust, when in all these eastern plains and cities the name of Christ shall reign supreme.

NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

"THE loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost,
Because we miss them from our outward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

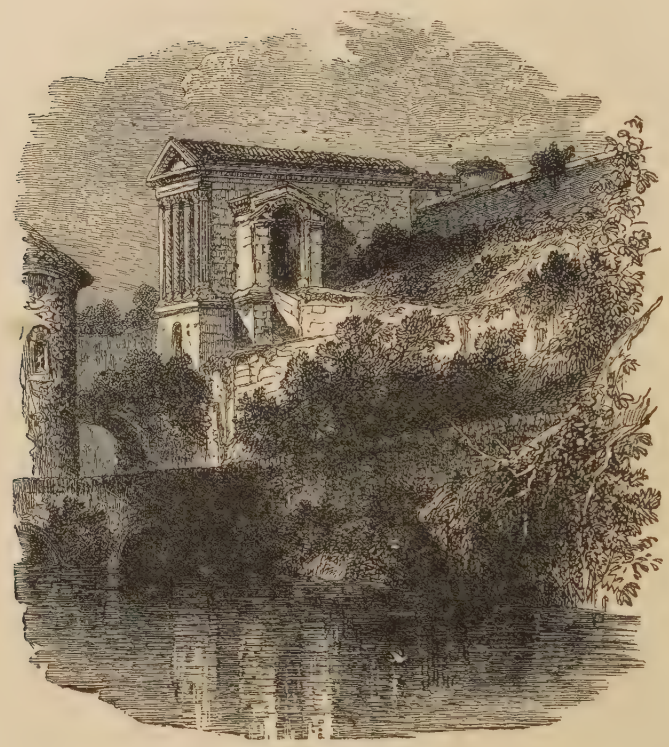
They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing,
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore;
And God Himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

And call we this a loss? Death makes no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust.
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,
Take up the song where they broke off the strain,
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown;
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

THE YELLOW TIBER.

BY GRACE GREEN.



TEMPLE OF THE CLITUMNUS.

"ECCE TIBERIM!" cried the Roman legions when they first beheld the Scottish Tay. What power of association could have made them see in the clear and shallow stream the likeness of their tawny Tiber, with his full-flowing waters sweeping down to the sea? Perhaps those soldiers, under whose mailed and rugged breasts lay so tender a thought of home, came from the northerly region among the Apennines, where a little bubbling mountain-brook is the first form in which the storied Tiber greets the light of day. One who has made a pilgrimage from its mouth to its source, thus describes the spot: "An old man undertook to be our guide. By the side of the little stream, which here constitutes the first vein of the Tiber, we penetrated

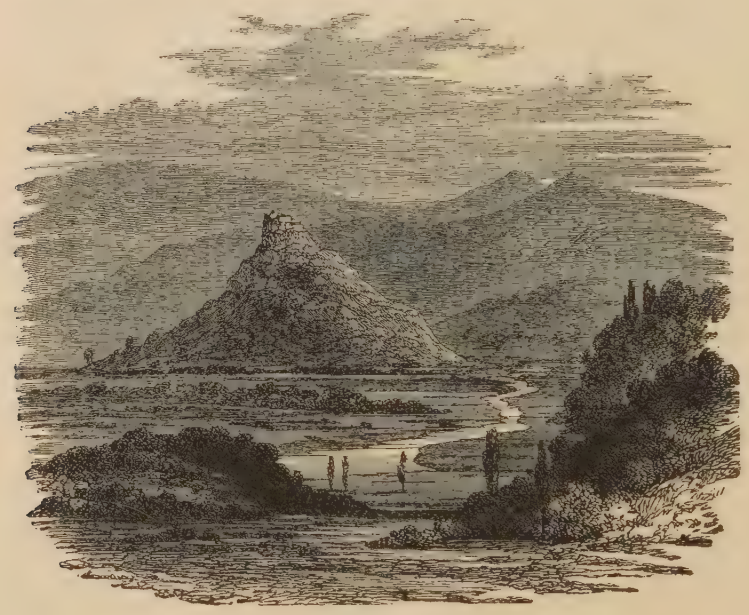
the wood. It was an immense beech-forest. . . . The trees were almost all great gnarled veterans, who had borne the snows of many winters; now they stood basking above their blackened shadows in the blazing sunshine. The little stream tumbled from ledge to ledge of splintered rock, sometimes creeping into a hazel thicket, green with long ferns and soft moss, and then leaping once more merrily into the sunlight. Presently it split into numerous little rills. We followed the longest of these. It led us to a carpet of smooth green turf, amidst an opening in the trees; and there bubbling out of the green sod, embroidered with white strawberry-blossoms, the delicate blue of the crane's bill and dwarf willow-herb, a copious little stream arose. Here the old man paused, and resting upon his staff, raised his age-dimmed eyes, and pointing to the gushing water, said, '*E questo si chiama il Tevere a Roma!*' (And this is called the Tiber at Rome!')"

Thus far the infant stream has no history; its legends and chronicles do not begin so early. But a few miles farther, on a tiny branch called the Singerna, are the vestiges of what was once a place of some importance—Caprese, a hamlet perched upon a hill, where Michael Angelo was born some four hundred years ago. His father was for a twelvemonth governor of this place and Chiusi, five miles off, and brought his wife with him to inhabit the *palazzo communale.* During his regency, the painter of the "Last Judgment," the sculptor of "Night and Morning," the architect of St. Peter's cupola first saw the light.

As the widening flood winds on through the beautiful plain, a broad sheet of water on the right spreads for miles to the foot of the mountains, whose jutting spurs form many a bay, cove, and estuary. It was in the small hours of a night of misty moonlight that our eyes, stretched wide with the new wonder of beholding classic ground, first caught sight of this smooth expanse gleaming pallidly amid the dark, blurred outlines of the landscape and trees. The monotonous noise and motion of the train had put our fellow-travellers to sleep, and when it gradually ceased they did not stir. There was no bustle at the little station where we stopped; a few drowsy figures stole silently by in the dim light, like ghosts on the spectral shores of Acheron; the whole scene was strangely unreal—phantasmal. "What can it be?" we asked each other under our breaths. "There is

but one thing that it can be—Lake Thrasimene." And so it was. Often since, both by starlight and daylight, we have seen that watery sheet of fatal memories, but it never wore the same shadowy yet impressive aspect as on our first night-journey from Florence to Rome.

Then what historical associations, straggling away across three thousand years, to when Perugia was one of the thirty cities of Etruria, and kept her independence through every vicissitude until Augustus starved her out in 40 B. C.! Portions of the



CAPRESE.

wall, huge smooth blocks of travertine stone, are the work of the vanished Etruscans, and fragments of several gateways, with Roman alterations. On the southern slope of the hill, three miles beyond the walls, a number of Etruscan tombs were accidentally discovered by a peasant a few years ago.

Descending a long flight of stone steps, which led into the heart of the hill, we passed through a low door formerly closed by a single slab of travertine, too ponderous for modern hinges. At first we could distinguish nothing in the darkness, but by the uncertain flaring of two candles, which the guide waved about incessantly, we saw a chamber hewn in the rock, with a roof in

imitation of beams and rafters, all of solid tufa stone. A low stone seat against the wall on each hand, and a small hanging lamp, were all the furniture of this apartment, awful in its emptiness and mystery. On every side there were dark openings into cells whence came gleams of white, indefinite forms; a great Gorgon's head gazed at us from the ceiling, and from the walls in every direction started the crested heads and necks of sculptured serpents. We entered one by one the nine small grotto-like compartments which surround the central cavern; the white shapes turned out to be cinerary urns, enclosing the ashes of the three thousand years' dead Volumnii. Urns, as we understand the word, they are not, but large caskets, some of them alabaster, on whose lids recline male figures, draped and garlanded as for a feast; the faces differ so much in feature and expression that one can hardly doubt their being likenesses. The sides of these little sarcophagi are covered with *bassi rilievi*, many of them finely executed; there was one which represented the sacrifice of a child. The Medusa's head, as it is thought to be, recurs constantly, treated with extraordinary power. With the exception of a few weapons and trinkets, which we saw at the museum, this is all that remains of the mighty Etruscans, save the shapes of the common red pottery, which is spread out wholesale in the open space opposite the cathedral, on market days—the most graceful and useful which could be devised, and which have not changed their model since earlier days than the occupants of those tombs could remember.

We can no longer turn our thoughts from the treasures of art which make Perugia rich above all cities of the Tiber, save Rome alone. We cannot tarry before the cathedral, noble despite its incompleteness and the unsightly alterations of later times, and full of fine paintings and matchless wood-carving, and wrought metal and precious sculptures; nor before the Palazzo Communale, another grand Gothic wreck, equally dignified and degraded; nor even beside the great fountain erected six hundred years ago by Nicolo and Giovanni da Pisa, the chiefs and founders of the Tuscan school of sculpture; for there are a score of churches and palaces, each with its priceless Perugino, and drawings and designs by his pupil Raphael, in his lovely "first manner," which has so much of the Eden-like innocence of his master. Although there are masterpieces of Perugino's in nearly

every great European collection, I cannot but think one must go to Perugia to appreciate fully the limpid clearness, the pensive, tranquil suavity, which reigns throughout his pictures in the countenances, the landscape, the atmosphere.

The cliff on which Assisi stands rises abruptly on the side toward the Tiber; long lines of triple arches, which look as if hewn in the living stone, stretch along its face, one above another, like galleries, the great mass of the church and convent, with its towers and gables and spire-like cypress trees, crowning

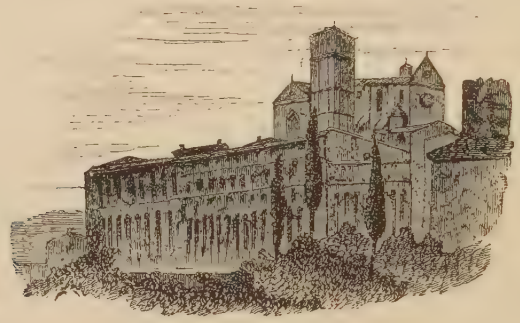
TODI.

all. It is this marriage of the building to the rock that makes the distant sight of Assisi so striking, and almost overwhelms you with a sense of its greatness, as the winding road brings you close below on your way up to the town. It is a triple church. The uppermost one, begun two years after the saint's death, has a magnificent Gothic west front, and high steps leading from the piazza, and a rich side-portal, with a still higher flight leading from a court on a lower level. As we entered, the early afternoon sun was streaming in through the immense rose-window and flooding the vast nave, illumining the blue star-studded vault of the lofty roof, and the grand, simple frescoes of Cimabue and Giotto on the walls. Thence we descended to the second

church, in whose darkness our vision groped, half blind from the sudden change; but gradually through the dusk we began to discern low vaults stretching heavily across pillars which look like stunted giants, so short are they and so tremendously thick-set, the high altar enclosed by an elaborate grating, the little side-chapels like so many black cells, and through the gloom a twinkle and glimmer of gold, and colour, and motes floating in furtive sunbeams that had strayed in through the superb stained glass of the infrequent windows. The frescoes of Giotto and his school enrich every spandril and interspace with their simple, serious forms—no other such place to study the art of that early day. From this most solemn and venerable place we went down to the lowest church, the real sepulchre; it was darker than the one we had left, totally dark it seemed to me, and contracted, although—it is in the form of a Greek cross—each arm is sixty feet; in fact, it is only a crypt of unusual size; and although here were the saint's bones in an urn of bronze, we were conscious of a weakening of the impression made by the place we had just left. No doubt it is because the crypt is of this century, while the other two churches are of the thirteenth.

There are other things to be seen at Assisi; and after dining at the little Albergo del Leone, which, like every part of the town except the churches, is remarkably clean, my companion set out to climb up to the castle, and I wandered back to the great church. As I sat idly on the steps a monk accosted me, and finding that I had not seen the convent, carried me through labyrinthine corridors and galleries, down long flights of subterranean stone steps, one after another, until I thought we could not be far from the centre of the earth, when he suddenly turned aside into a vast cloister with high arched openings, and led me to one of them. Oh, the beauty, the glory, the wonder of the sight! We were half-way down the mountain-side, hanging between the blue heaven and the billowy Umbrian plain, with its verdure and its azure fusing into tints of dreamy softness as they vanished in the deep violet shadows of thick-crowding mountains, on whose surfaces and gorges lay changing colours of the superbest intensity. Poplars and willows showed silvery among the tender green of other deciduous trees in their fresh spring foliage, and the deep velvet of the immortal cypresses, and the blossoming shrubs, which looked like little puffs of pink and

white cloud resting on the bosom of the valley. A small, clear mountain-stream wound round the headland to join the Tiber, which divides the landscape with its bare, pebbly bed. It was almost the same view that one has from twenty places in Perugia, but coming out upon it as from the heart of the earth, framed in its huge stone arch, it was like opening a window from this world into Paradise.



Church and Convent of St. Francis at Assisi.

Slowly and lingeringly I left the cloister, and panted up the many steps back to the piazza to await my companion and the carriage which was to take us back to Perugia. The former was already there, and in a few minutes a small omnibus came clattering down the stony street, and stopping beside us, the driver informed us that he had come for us. Our surprise and wrath broke forth. Hours before we had bespoken a little open carriage, and it was this heavy, jarring, jolting vehicle which they had sent to drive us ten miles across the hills. The driver declared, with truly Italian volubility and command of language and gesture, that there was no other means of conveyance to be had; that it was excellent, swift, admirable; that it was what the signori always went from Assisi to Perugia in; that, in fine, we had engaged it, and *must* take it. My companion hesitated, but I had the advantage here, being the one who could speak Italian; so I promptly replied that we would not go in the omnibus under any circumstances. The whole story was then repeated with more adjectives and superlatives, and gestures of a form and pathos to make the fortune of a tragic actor. I repeated my refusal. He began a third time; I sat down on the steps, rested my head on my hand, and looked at the carvings of the portal. This drove him to frenzy; so long as you answer an

Italian he gets the better of you; entrench yourself in silence and he is impotent. The driver's impotence first exploded in fury and threats; at least we should pay for the omnibus, for his time, for his trouble; yes, pay the whole way to Perugia and back, and his *buon' mano* besides. All the beggars who haunt the sanctuary of their patron had gathered about us, and from playing Greek chorus, now began to give us advice: "Yes, we would do well to go; the only carriage in Assisi, and excellent, admirable!" The numbers of these vagrants, their officiousness, their fluency, were bewildering. "But what are we to do?" asked my anxious companion. "Why, if it comes to the worst, walk down to the station and take the night-train back." He walked away whistling, and I composed myself to a visage of stone, and turned my eyes to the sculptures once more. Suddenly the driver stopped short; there was a minute's pause, and then I heard a voice in the softest accents asking for something to buy a drink. I turned round—beside me stood the driver, hat in hand: "Yes, the signora is right, quite right; I go, but she will give me something to get a drink?" I nearly laughed, but, biting my lips, I said firmly, "A drink? Yes, if it be poison!" The effect was astounding; the man uttered an ejaculation, crossed himself, mounted his box, and drove off; the beggars shrank away, stood aloof, and exchanged awe-struck whispers; only a few liquid-eyed little ragamuffins continued to turn somersets, and stand on their heads undismayed.

Half an hour elapsed; the sun was beginning to descend, when the sound of wheels was again heard, and a light waggon with four places, and a brisk little horse came rattling down the street. A pleasant-looking fellow jumped down, took off his hat, and said he had come to drive us to Perugia. We jumped up joyfully, but I asked the price. "Fifty francs"—a sum about equivalent to fifty dollars in those regions. I smiled and shook my head; he eagerly assured me that this included his *buon' mano* and the cost of the oxen which we should be obliged to hire to drag us up some of the hills. I shook my head again; he shrugged and turned as if to go. My unhappy fellow-traveller started forward: "Give him whatever he asks, and let us get away." I sat down again on the steps, saying in Italian, as if in soliloquy, that we should have to go by the train after all. Then the new-comer cheerfully came back: "Well, signora,

whatever you please to give." I named half his price—an exorbitant sum, as I well knew—and in a moment more we were skimming along over the hard, smooth mountain-roads; we heard no more of those mythical beasts the oxen, and in two hours were safe in Perugia.

One branch of the little river which encompasses Assisi is the Clitumnus, the delight of philosophers and poets in the Augustan age. Near its source stands a beautiful little temple to the divinity of the stream. Although the ancients resorted hither for the loveliness of the spot, they did not bathe in the springs; a gentle superstition holding it sacrilege for the human body to lave itself in a stream near its source. (See initial cut.)

REPENT.

BY GEORGE SALA.

THE farmer smiled to see his bursting barns,
His fields yet ripening in the summer sun,
And cried, with pride upswelling from his heart:
"Lo! what the toil of my two hands hath done!"
A sweet voice whispered from the rustling wheat:
"To God, who giveth increase, praise is meet."

"There is not room within these little sheds
To store from loss or theft my yellow grain,
So will I build me greater, that I may
Rejoice and cheer my soul with this my gain."
Still pled that angel whisper, low and sweet:
"Give to the poor, who have no food to eat."

"Cease troubling me! Why should I not be glad?
For hard hath been my toil, and long the strife.
Now will I laugh and fill my heart with joy,
And live right merrily the rest of life."
"O fool!" the angel whispered, with a sigh,
"Repent. For thou this very night shall die."

MEN WORTH KNOWING;

OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.*

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

For fifty years from the burning of the Bull of Leo X. before the gates of Wittemburg, the Protestant Reformation swept on like a rising tide. Then came a reaction and an ebb. This was not the result of the burning, hanging, and beheading of Philip II., of Charles IX., of "Bloody Mary;" for the Reformed, like the Israelites in Egypt, the more they were afflicted the more they multiplied and grew. Physical persecution never yet suppressed a true religion.

The great antagonist of Luther was Loyola. The great barrier to the Reformation was the subtle and sinister system of which he was the founder, and which soon won renown and execration in every land. "It possessed itself at once," says Macaulay, "of all the strongholds which command the public mind—of the pulpit, of the press, of the confessional, of the academies." † The Jesuits kept the consciences of Kings. They controlled the education of youth. They won fame for their attainments in ancient learning, in modern science, for stirring eloquence, for subtle state-craft. Under the disguise of a Brahmin, a mandarin, an astrologer, a peasant, a scholar, they compassed the world to make proselytes to Rome. Deciphering ancient manuscript or directing the course of revolutions, sweeping the heavens with a telescope or digging the earth with a mattock, controlling the action of cabinets or teaching naked savages the *Ave* or *Credo*, they were alike the obedient and zealous servants of Rome. They were among the greatest friends of human learning and the greatest enemies of civil liberty. The end, they taught, justifies the means, and even

* The chief authorities used in preparing this paper are the "Life of Gustavus Adolphus," from the French of L. Abelous, Schiller's "Thirty Years' War," Lewis' "History of Germany," and Goldwin Smith's "Great Duel of the Sevententh Century." The latter is one of the most brilliant pieces of historical writing in the English language. To it we are especially indebted, and from it most of our quotations are made.

† Review of Ranke's "History of the Popes."

midnight murder might be sanctified if done for a holy cause. They had their emissaries—secret spies, or honoured agents—in every capital in Europe; wherever intrigue or conspiracy was in progress, there a Jesuit pulled the wires or held the secret. They were the electric nerves which made all Europe the sensorium of the head of the Order at Rome. This reaction recovered much of the ground the papacy had lost. The Reformation, which had threatened to sweep the shores of the Mediterranean, was driven back to the shores of the Baltic.

Gustavus Adolphus was the great Protestant hero who was to arrest the reaction and become the defender of the Reformed Faith in Europe. He was a hereditary champion of liberty. He was the grandson of that Gustavus Vasa who threw off the yoke of Danish tyranny and made his country free. The elder Gustavus, who was of the ancient Swedish royal line, having escaped a massacre of his father and friends, was driven into exile with, like a wolf, a price upon his head. Disguised in rags he worked as a miner in the mountains of Dalecarlia. His patriotic eloquence aroused the Dalesmen to revolt and the Danish usurper was driven from the throne. Reluctantly accepting the crown, Vasa made the Reformed faith, which he had learned from the lips of Luther, the religion of the state. On his death the ubiquitous Jesuits plotted to restore the Catholic creed, and one after another his sons were deposed, till the youngest, Charles IX., at length maintained its Protestant liberties.

The son of Charles, the immortal Gustavus Adolphus, was trained to be a bold soldier and a true Christian. When only seven years of age he marched beside his father in a winter campaign against the Finns. He was trained for diplomacy as well and at ten he attended the councils of state. At sixteen he spoke six languages, at seventeen he commanded an expedition for the relief of Calmar, besieged by the Danes. As his father lay dying the courtiers whispered, "Who now will deliver the country?" "*Ille faciet*,"—"He will do it," said the dying king laying his hands upon his son's head. The young monarch inherited a triple war against Denmark, Poland, and Russia—all leagued against his crown and kingdom. He bravely accepted his heavy legacy. Like Solomon he prayed, "I am but a child, give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart." In an age of license he was strangely devout for one so young, and was at once a

soldier and a king. While meeting ambassadors, mustering troops, leading an army, he used to say, "I drive away the temptations of the devil by keeping near the Word of God."

Amid the duties of the cabinet or camp, he gave hours to devotion, and was often found in his tent on his knees before his open Bible. "God gave me my crown," he used to say, "that I may consecrate my life to His glory, and to the welfare of my subjects." In the camp no oath was heard, no dice, nor cards, nor drunkenness were seen. Every day the army knelt around their chaplains in prayer. The King marched in their midst, shared the same fare, and with his own hands used the mattock in the trenches. By his soldiers and subjects he was enthusiastically beloved. To his aged mother he was a filial son, as a husband he was a model of fidelity, as a father, of tenderness. When a daughter was born to him he said, "God be praised, I trust this child will be worth as much to me as a son;" then added with a smile, alluding to his expectation of a prince, "she will be artful, she has deceived us all."*

As a soldier Gustavus was singularly successful. He overcame successively the Danes, the Poles, the Russians, retaining much of the conquered territory. He then strode forth upon a broader stage to play a bolder part. The Thirty Years' War in which he was to be the grandest figure, "was," says Professor Goldwin Smith, "a real world-contest. Spain and Austria drew after them all the powers of reaction; all the powers of liberty and progress were arrayed on the other side."

Ferdinand II., Emperor of Austria and King of Bohemia and Hungary, was a creature of the Jesuits, who had vowed at Loretto to exterminate Protestantism. "Better a desert," he said, "than a kingdom of heretics." In 1617 he had been elected King of Bohemia, a country proud of its old Hussite Reformation. Failing to maintain its ancient liberties, the Protestant nobles assailed his councillors assembled in the picturesque old city of

* It was an unconscious prophecy. The pious King was mercifully spared the pang of seeing her grow up a wicked and dissolute woman—a traitor to her country, an apostate from the faith. She became a pervert to Rome; the murderess of Monaldeschi, an unworthy favourite; a scandal to decency and a disgrace to her sex. She abdicated in her twenty-eighth year the crown she had degraded, lived a profligate life in Belgium, France and Italy, and is buried in a sumptuous tomb in St. Peter's Church at Rome.

Prague, and threw two of them out of the window, "according to the ancient Bohemian custom." They fell into the castle ditch, a distance of eighty feet, but were unhurt—"because they were upborne by angels," said the Catholics; "because they fell on a dung heap," said the Protestants. This was the signal for the outbreak of the war which for thirty dreadful years desolated all Germany. Bohemia rose in revolt and elected a Protestant King, Frederick V., son-in-law of James I., of England.* But Ferdinand sternly suppressed the revolt, beheaded twenty-seven Bohemian nobles in the market-place of Prague and exterminated three millions of his subjects. Aided by the gold of Spain, and the marauding army of Tilly, the bold Bavarian general, he crushed the liberties of Germany and ruled it with a rod of iron. Count Mansfeldt, a soldier of fortune, and King Christian of Denmark, invoked to lead the Protestant forces of Europe, were utterly defeated by Tilly and by a still more terrible Catholic leader—the great Wallenstein.

The most terrible feature of this war was that Europe was harried by armies of hireling butchers, under bandit generals who contracted for their blood. They were the outcasts of every land—"the whiskered Pandour and the fierce huzzar," blood-thirsty Walloons and Croats, Spanish desperadoes, German ritters, and lansquenets, Italian *condottieri* and hired cut-throats, blaspheming in every language of Europe—their only religion a wild belief in bullet-charming and charms against bullets, their only country the camp, their only objects "booty and beauty," pillage and lust. They beggared friends and foes alike, and without commissariat or army chest, the country they traversed was made to feed and pay these marauding hordes, and their she-wolf companions in murder and plunder. Like an army of locusts they devoured every green thing. The land was as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness. In two hundred years Germany has not recovered from their devastation.

The greatest of the bandit-generals of this evil time was Count Wallenstein. An apostate Protestant, his religion consisted chiefly

* In the ruined Castle of Heidelberg may be seen the pleasure palace built by the hapless Frederick for his English bride, still bearing her name. But the cannon of Tilly have made sad havoc of its beauty and it exhibits a melancholy monument of the vanity of human glory.

in studying evil spells, and seeking to read the stars. Dark and morose, his words were few and stern. "He never dined with his officers; he never joined their revelry. Even in the camp he lived alone and punished intrusion on his haughty privacy as a crime." "Not even with God Himself," he profanely declared, "would he share his command." He was the great war gambler of Europe, whose prizes were kingdoms and his living pawns vast armies of men. He was believed to be in league with evil spirits and by black arts to be rendered invulnerable to mortal weapon. Even in his dress—a laced buff coat and sable mantle, with a jewelled collar and a crimson scarf, and a blood-red plume sweeping from his cap—he affected a fantastic pomp. "Highest he stood among the uncrowned heads of Europe and dreaded by the crowned."

In employing this warrior, Ferdinand had conjured up, like the magician in the Arabian tale, a more terrible spirit than the foe he was to fight. Wallenstein affected an almost regal state, and maintained a more than feudal pomp and splendour. Sixty pages and fifty life-guards were in continual attendance, and knights and barons were his seneschals and chamberlains. Such was the man whom Gustavus Adolphus was to confront and humble. His first defeat was in an attempt to reduce the free city of Stralsund on the Baltic. "I will take it," he swore, "though it hung by chains from heaven." But the stout burghers defied his authority and resisted his power. This too towering subject was removed from the command, through the jealousy of his rivals and of the Emperor himself. But "in the stately obscurity of his palace at Prague he bided his time, watching the stars and awaiting the crisis which only his hand could rule."

When Gustavus entered the lists that crisis arrived. All Protestant hearts in Europe were turning to the Lion of the North as the only champion against the might of the empire. Gustavus could no longer refuse the solicitations of the Lutheran Princes. Ferdinand had placed him under ban and sent an army against him—an ample *casus belli*. "God is my witness," said the king to his council, "that I enter not on this war to gratify my own ambition. The oppressed States of Germany call wildly for aid, which by God's help we will give them." Then with a solemn prescience he said, "I shall fall in the defence of my country. There is no other repose to be expected than that of eternity."

Commending his wife, and infant daughter, and kingdom to their care, he added, "I bid you all a sincere—it may be an eternal—farewell," and he repeated the words of his favourite ninetieth psalm. His words were interrupted by the sobs of his councillors and the king also wept.

He soon embarked with fifteen thousand men, the flower of his army, in thirty ships and two hundred consorts for the German strand. Leaping ashore he threw himself on his knees in thanksgiving and prayer. "O deign to favour the sacred work that I have undertaken," he said, "so that it may turn out, not to my, but to Thy glory." As the troops were moved to tears, "Weep not," he said, "but pray without ceasing. The more prayers, the more victories." It was the centennial anniversary, to a day, of the famous Augsburg Confession, whose imperilled principles he came to defend against the most powerful monarch, and greatest generals of Europe.

"'A snow king,' tittered the courtiers of Vienna; 'he will soon melt away.'" But he would not melt. He swept on like a snow storm or an avalanche overwhelming his foes. Richelieu offered the alliance of France, but he shrank from accepting the help of the conqueror of Rochelle, and persecutor of the Protestants. The aid of Charles I. of England was gladly accepted and many British volunteers won glorious scars in fighting for the liberties of Europe under the lion-hearted king.*

One tragedy, however, he was too late to prevent. Tilly, the Alva of Germany, was besieging the Protestant city of Magdeburg. He was an unheroic figure—a little withered old man, with nut-cracker nose and chin, grotesquely attired in a slashed doublet of green satin, with a peaked hat and a long red feather hanging down behind. "His charger was a grey pony, his only weapon a pistol, which it was his delight to say he had never fired in the thirty pitched battles which he had fought and won." His soul was as unheroic as his body, and if he never lost a battle, at Magdeburg he lost, what a soldier prizes more, his honour, and his name became thenceforth an execration and a horror. The beleaguered town defended itself with the courage of despair. At length at break of day the bugles sounded the charge, the storming columns scaled the walls, and the roar of cannon and pealing of

* The name of Dugald Dalgetty will occur to every reader of "The Legend of Montrose."

the alarum bells awoke the citizens to their doom. And more piteous doom was never knelled. The fierce Walloons and Croats revelled in a carnival of blood—"a scene of horror," writes Schiller, "for which history has no words. Neither innocent childhood, helpless age, nor youth, nor sex, nor rank, nor beauty, could disarm the fury of the conquerors." In a single church fifty-three women were found beheaded. The soldiers stabbed infants at the breast and tossed them to the flames. Deeds were done of still direr horror which our pen refuses to describe.

When his own officers urged Tilly to stop the carnage he replied, "I have promised three days for pillage and slaying. The soldiers must have some amusement after their toil." But twelve hours sufficed to lay the richest city in Germany in ashes. Six thousand bodies were thrown into the Elbe and not less than thirty thousand were slain. A *Te Deum* was sung for the victory, and the Imperial butcher wrote to his master that no such conquest had been made since the destruction of Troy and Jerusalem.

This was his last boast. From that day, as though pursued by a Nemesis, his fame and fortune declined. "Freedom rose like a phœnix," says Schiller, "from the ashes of Magdeburg." Gustavus, his soul wrung with anguish for the fallen city, hastened to confront its destroyer at Leipsic, where was fought the battle which decided the fate of Europe. "The right is on your side," said the Swede to his army. "We battle not for the honours of this world but for the Word and glory of God." Tilly fought with desperation. Seven times his cavalry charged and seven times were repulsed. But the faith and courage of Gustavus made every Swede a hero, and the army named invincible was driven a shattered wreck from the field. The victor of six and thirty battles was at last defeated. "Amid the dying and the dead," says Schiller, "Gustavus threw himself upon his knees, and surrounded by his troops poured forth his gratitude to God in fervent prayer." "Through all Protestant Europe," writes Goldwin Smith, "flew the tidings of a great deliverance and a great deliverer."

The tide of victory rolled onward. We trace its progress in the vivid sentences of the brilliant essayist just quoted: "The Thuringian forest, gleams with fires that guide the night march of the Swede. Frankfort opens her gates. In the cellars of the Prince Bishop of Bamberg and Wurtzburg, the rich wine is

broached for heretic lips. Protestantism everywhere uplifts its head; Jesuit and Capuchin must cower or fly. All fortresses are opened by the arms of Gustavus; all hearts are opened by his gracious manner, his winning words, his sunny smile. To the people, accustomed to a war of massacre and persecution, he came as from a better world, a spirit of humanity and toleration. His toleration was politic, no doubt, but it was also sincere. So novel was it that a monk finding himself not butchered or tortured, thought the king's faith must be weak, and attempted his conversion. His zeal was repaid with a gracious smile.

"Once more, on the Lech, Tilly crossed the path of the thunderbolt. Dishonoured at Magdeburg, defeated at Leipsic, the old man seems to have been weary of life; his leg shattered by a cannon ball, he was borne dying from the field, and left the Imperial cause headless as well as beaten. Gustavus is in Augsburg, the queen of German commerce, the city of the Fuggers, with their splendid and romantic money-kingdom, the city of the Confession. He is in Munich,* the capital of Maximilian and the Catholic League. His allies, the Saxons, are in Prague. A few marches more, and he will dictate peace at Vienna, with all Germany at his back. A few marches more, the Germans will be a Protestant nation, under a Protestant chief, and many a dark page will be torn from the book of fate."

But in this extremity Ferdinand determined to call once more upon the bandit chief—the stern, dark Wallenstein, whose name gave new life to the Imperial cause "under the very ribs of death." At his call all the turbulent spirits whose trade was war "were conjured as it were out of the earth." With an army of 50,000 reckless men, ruffians ready at his bidding to defy God or Devil, he rose to confront the great Protestant hero of the North. "Like Uriel and Satan, in Paradise Lost;" writes Professor Goldwin Smith, "Gustavus and Wallenstein stood opposed to each other. "On the one side was as much good, perhaps, as has ever appeared in the form of a conqueror; on the other side the majesty of evil. . . . .Perhaps there was hardly such another duel in history.

"The career of Gustavus was at once arrested and he took refuge

*Here, so abject was their terror, the Imperialists hid 140 pieces of cannon beneath the floor of the arsenal instead of bravely using them. Gustavus unearthed them all and found in one a treasure of 30,000 golden ducats.

against the storm in an entrenched camp protected by three hundred cannons under the walls of Nuremberg—Nuremberg, the eldest daughter of the German Reformation, the Florence of Germany, in art, wealth, and freedom; then the beautiful home of early commerce—now its romantic tomb. The desolation of her grass-grown streets dates from that terrible day. The Swedish lines were scarcely completed when Wallenstein appeared with all his power; and sweeping by entrenched himself four miles from his enemy, in a position, the key of which were the wooded hill and old castle of the Altenberg. Week after week, and month after month, these two heavy clouds of war hung close together, and Europe looked for the bursting of the storm. But famine was to do Wallenstein's work; and by famine and pestilence, bred by the horrible state of the camp, at last his work was done."

Gustavus determined to attack the almost impregnable position of his foe. Time after time the Swedish veterans stormed up the heights of the Altenberg, blazing like a volcano with volleys of cannon, and time after time they were hurled back shattered and crushed. All the long summer's day the battle raged, till after a sixth assault and repulse, Gustavus retired for the first time defeated from the field. But Wallenstein had not the courage to pursue him, and soon raised the siege and fired his camp. "A hundred columns of smoke rising from all the burning villages of the neighbourhood," says Schiller, "announced his retreat, and showed the city the fate it had escaped."

He fell back on Leipsic, ravaging the country in his flight. He despatched part of his army to Halle, which Gustavus learning, exclaimed "The Lord has delivered him into my hand," and swooped down upon his prey.* The struggle for, as Wallenstien declared, the mastery of the world, took place upon the barren plain of Lutzen. The morning broke gray and dull with fog "as though the sun were loth to look upon the last day of Gustavus." After an hour passed in private devotions, the king kneeling in front of his lines prayed fervently, and then the whole army burst forth in Luther's famous hymn: *Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*, "A mighty fortress is our God,"—the Marseillaise of the

*As he took leave of his queen at Erfurt, on the eve of the battle, she burst into tears. "Be of good cheer," he said, "if we meet not again in life, we shall, at least, in the abode of everlasting blessedness."

Militant Reformation. He then briefly exhorted his troops to be of good courage. "Your cause" he said "is the cause of God. He will find another Gideon to defend His people and His Word. Fight valiantly for your God, your country, and your king. I myself will show you the way. I am ready to risk my life and to shed my blood by your side." When urged to wear his cuirass which an old wound had made irksome, he replied, "God shall be my armour this day." The cannon of Wallenstein now began the battle. Clasping his hands on the hilt of his sword, Gustavus cried aloud, "Lord Jesus, be thou my help this day, while I battle for the glory of thy sacred name!" Then, brandishing his sword, he cried like a Gideon or Barak, "Forward, in the name of the Lord!"

Wallenstein crippled with gout was borne in a litter along his lines, and spoke brave words to his ruffian troops. "'God with us,' was the Swedish battle cry. On the other side the words 'Jesu-Maria,' passed round as four and twenty thousand of the most godless and lawless ruffians the world ever saw stood to the arms they had imbrued in the blood not of soldiers only, but of women and children of captured towns. Doubtless, many a wild Walloon and savage Croat, many a fierce Spaniard and cruel Italian who had butchered and tortured at Magdeburg, was come here to bite the dust." After a desperate struggle the Swedes captured the enemy's guns, and Gustavus, with uncovered head, thanked God for the victory. But the Imperialists rallied, and Gustavus flew to the rescue. A ball shattered his arm. "The King is shot!" was the cry. "It is nothing, follow me!" he shouted and spurred to the front. But overcome with pain and faintness, he asked an officer in French, so as not to alarm his troops, to lead him out of the battle. While sweeping along the front he received another shot through the back. "Brother, I have enough," he said, "leave me, save yourself," and pierced by bullets he fell from his horse. The riderless steed galloped down the lines and betrayed the fall of the King. Like furious lions the Swedish cavalry charged to save him, but the wild Croats had swiftly done to death the foremost man in Europe. Not till after the battle was his mangled and hoof-trampled body found beneath a heap of slain. A great rock, still named "The Stone of the Swede," marks the spot. It was rumoured that a renegade Swede fired the fatal shot, but there is no ground for a

suspicion so dishonouring to humanity.* Till night closed on the bloody scene, the combat raged with unabated fury; then Wallenstein drew off and left the Swedes masters of the field. But theirs was a dear bought triumph and caused more grief than joy. *Te Deums* were sung at Vienna and Madrid for the death of the greatest champion of Protestantism and enemy of Rome, and even the Pope declared that he was the greatest man of his age.

Wallenstien did not long survive his great rival and died a less glorious death. His dark ambition mounting higher and higher, verged upon high treason, aspiring even, it was said, to a crown, and excited the vindictive jealousy of the master whom he has so unscrupulously served. Ferdinand ordered his degradation from office. Wallenstein rushed into treacherous sedition. Betrayed by a trusted officer, he was, with his staff, attacked in the castle of Eger of Bohemia, where he had been received as a guest. A body of traitor troops burst into the banquet-room, slew the officers of the staff, and penetrated to the private chamber of Wallenstein, where with his astrologer he had been forecasting the future by the aspect of the stars. "Villian and traitor!" cried an assasin, and plunged his halberd into the great soldier's breast. The verdict of history is, "If Wallenstein was the noblest spirit that served evil, still it was evil that he served." His body, rolled in a carpet, was carried to the citadel and exposed with those of his murdered staff in the open courtyard. It was then huddled into an ill-made coffin, the legs being broken to force them in—far other obsequies than those of the great Gustavus, honoured with the tears of a nation, and his tomb still reverenced as a shrine of liberty.

For fourteen years after the death of Wallenstein, this weary war—a "drama of horror and agony"—dragged on. "When it began Germany was rich and prosperous, full of smiling villages, of goodly cities, of flourishing universities. At its close she was a material and moral wilderness." It is estimated that three-fourths of the inhabitants and four-fifths of the cattle perished. "The Germany of Luther perished almost as if it had been swallowed up by an earthquake. At last when nothing was left

* A similar suspicion obtained with reference to the death of his distinguished successor, Charles XII., killed at the siege of Frederickshall, 1718. But an inquest of his remains, held one hundred and forty years after, disproved the unjust allegation.

for the armies to devour, the masters of the armies began to think of peace." Through Jesuit intrigues and Papal wars the once proud German Empire, the arbiter of Europe, was reduced to a shadow, and only in our own day under the dominant influence of Protestant Prussia has it regained its place among the nations.

Perhaps it was best for the fair fame of Gustavus Adolphus that, at the early age of thirty-eight, he was removed from this stormy scene. He might, perchance, have listened to the lures of ambition and tarnished his now unsullied name. "He was," says Schiller, with perhaps exaggerated praise, "the first and only *just* conqueror the world has ever seen." "He was," echoes his French biographer, "one of the grandest characters of modern history, at the same time an excellent King, a famous General and a model Christian." His dominant principle was his trust in God. At a time when Wallenstein had offered a reward of 30,000 crowns for his assassination, he calmly said, "God is my defence, I shall not fear; what can man do unto me!" And again when a narrow escape from death, and he had many of them, showed him the perilous path he took, he said, "I submit to the will of God. If He takes me from the world, He will not abandon the sacred cause, which I defend."

It is his especial glory, that in an age of military license and profligacy, he ruled his camp as he ruled his household, in the fear of God. As a general, he more resembled Moses, Joshua and David, than the ruthless soldiers of his time. On his banners were emblazoned texts of Scriptures. Night and morning prayers were offered by the chaplains in the midst of the troops. All evil-speaking, intemperance, and gambling was abolished. The greatest punishment of his soldiers was to be dismissed from the army as unworthy to serve. No unwed woman was allowed in the camp, but the soldiers were permitted to bring their wives with them, and school-masters were appointed to instruct the children. The soldiers' lodging, food, and clothing were as good as the king's. In the royal tent no gold or silverplate was found, and he slept like them in a hammock, or on the ground, and with mattock and spade he himself laboured in pitching the camp.

Such a general was endeared like a father to his troops, who would gladly have given their lives for his. He was tall in stature, portly in person, his face was pale but expressive, his hair and handsome beard were a light brown, and his bright blue

piercing eye lit up a wonderfully fascinating countenance. He was a man of war from his youth; yet he made war but to secure peace. "Though constantly victorious," says Schiller, "he was always the first to hold out the olive branch." His work of blood was a burden laid upon him by the ruthless oppressions and injustice of the times. Like Gideon and Barak, he was the champion of the righteous cause, and like David, amid the horrors of war, he kept his heart tender and true.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY REV. W. I. SHAW, M.A.

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THAT Anglo-Saxon Christendom will readily admit the need of any change in the English Version of the New Testament of 1611, without many misgivings, can scarcely be imagined. Our old English Bible is hallowed by the sacred associations of nearly three centuries of the most thrilling and important part of the world's history, centuries in which, as the lamented Beaconsfield has said in his ablest work, "Time is no longer slow; his scythe moves quickly in this age." These centuries are the era when the old systems of oriental paganism are being gradually undermined by Christianity, when the energy of Mohammedanism, which once made Europe, Asia, and Africa to tremble, has sunk into imbecility and decay, when the superstitions of Rome are being disclosed and abhorred, and when rationalism, a reaction from Romanism, is itself reacting in favour of evangelical Christianity. And in these great transactions the mightiest instrument is the English Bible, mightiest because of the intrinsic power of gospel truth and because it is a weapon in the hands of Great Britain and America, the most powerful agents in the extension of Christian civilization. Macaulay calls it "a stupendous work, which, if everything else in our language should perish, would

* This review was prepared by Professor Shaw, by request, from an advance copy of the Revised Version, for the *Montreal Witness;* but the importance of the topic, and the intrinsic merit of the articie, justify its republication in permanent form.

alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power." Nevertheless, while the beauty and influence of the English Bible are confessedly so great, our very reverence and love for it should make us anxious to have it as perfect as possible. That the version of 1611 is as complete as it is must be a matter of snrprise, if it be borne in mind what a slender apparatus the translators then possessed. In fact, the only material they had, besides a few single books or fragments, were some imperfect texts of the LXX., the Targums or Chaldee Paraphrases, and the Vulgate. The translators of the version of 1881 have all the advantages that can be derived from studying the various readings of one hundred and twenty-seven manuscripts of the whole or parts of the New Testament of dates between the third and tenth centuries, and 1,456 manuscripts of dates subsequent to the tenth century. With such advantages now possessed, no wonder Bishop Ellicott has called this "the golden age of Greek Testament criticism."

In eagerly scanning the first copy of the new version that came to our hands, we gladly discovered, what we had reason to expect from previous writings of the translators, that they have done their work in the main with a most conservative jealousy for the idiom and Saxon structure of the version of 1611. Prof. Dwight, of Yale College, one of the American translators, represents the spirit of the commissions on both sides of the Atlantic when he says, "It will be held, we believe, that in the many changes which are necessarily introduced in the process of revision, it will be wiser and better to act upon conservative than upon radical principles, and even to err, if it be so, on the side of the former rather than that of the latter." In fact, the English Committee, we fear, has been too partial to the exact phraseology of the Authorized English Version. It has marred its work by continuing, without sufficient reason, such obsolete or incorrect words as wot and wist, for know and knew, hale for drag, which for who, devil for demon, choked for drowned, instant for urgent. On the other hand many will be satisfied that several suggestions of the American Committee have not been accepted, for instance, rendering the last clause of Rom. ix. 5 as a doxology, though this rendering is favoured by some of the ablest scholarships of our time, including the very able commentary on Romans by Beet—the substitution of Holy Spirit for Holy Ghost—the word

psychical for natural in 1 Cor. xv.—the word covenant for testament in all passages but Heb. ix., 15-17—and the rendering of the preposition ἐν after baptize by *in* instead of *with*, notwithstanding the common use of this preposition with a causative force corresponding with the Hebrew *be* in the time of Christ and the use of the word in the same way in almost every chapter of the LXX. In these and other suggestions of the American translators, any constant student of Schaff's edition of Lange's Commentary will notice the similarity of these proposals to the views there advanced by the learned Christian scholar, who is President of the American Committee. On the whole we think that persons who are very sensitive about change ought to be satisfied with the work before us, and the conservative spirit in which it is executed.

As illustrations of improvement, the following may be specified: First, the avoidance of English synonyms where there are none in Greek; for instance, coveting used three times in Rom. vii. 7, 8; comfort in noun or verb form in 2 Cor. i. 3, 6, used nine times, but in the Authorized Version represented improperly by the additional word *consolation* καταλλαγη, found four times in the New Testament, uniformally translated reconciliation. There is consistency at least in always rendering the adjective αἰωνιος by *eternal ex. gr.* in Matt xxv. 46, while *everlasting* is reserved specially for the adjective used twice, ἀειδιος. The same quotation from the LXX. in different places is properly given with the same translation; for instance, Heb. x. 20, and Rom. xi. 19, "Vengeance belongeth unto me. I will recompense."

Again, Greek synonyms are properly recognized. It was faulty enough in the Authorized English Version to insert synonyms as above, where there should be none; how much more inexcusable to ignore such as designedly are given by the spirit of inspiration. For instance, "What thou *knowest* not now thou shalt *understand* hereafter." I for one am glad of the revision, if for nothing else than to get those "beasts" out of the description of heaven mentioned in the Authorized English Version in the Apoc. iv. 6-8. There is a Greek word meaning beasts, which John purposely uses to represent infernal spirits; there is another word meaning in the Apocalypse heavenly representations of all created life praising God. Does it not seem incredible that both of these words should have been translated in 1611, "beasts?"

The improvement of using synonyms we are now mentioning should have been observed in John viii. 58. "Before Abraham was born or came into being, I am."

Again the Greek article, small but most significant, has been properly recognized; for instance in the narrative of the woman of Samaria, the disciples expressed suprise that "Christ" talked with, not *the* woman, but a woman, *i.e.*, any woman, contrary to Rabbinical rules and prejudices. Rom. v. 15 by the correct rendering; "the many," aids the teaching of the chapter that the atonement is commensurate with the ruin of the race.

What an improvement in the mere matter of names! Simple people will know hereafter that by Elias is meant, as was intended, Elijah. Cis gives gives place to Kish, Eliseus to Elisha, Noe to Noah, Sodoma to Sodom, Gedeon to Gideon, Agar to Hagar, Core to Korah, Timotheus to Timothy, and in Acts vii. 45, and Heb. iv. 8, the misleading word *Jesus* is properly superseded by *Joshua*. Dr. Aiken of Princeton has suggested a rule which has been adopted, viz., "Let the Hebrew original determine the Old Testament names, and the Greek the New Testament names. Names common to both should follow the older type, and names that are familiar in any altered form should be left in that *form*."

Again one of the chief requirements of a revision has been met in the improvement of positively incorrect renderings, *e.g.*, "strain *out* a gnat," "there shall be one flock," not one fold; "no one exclusive enclosure," says Dean Alford, "of an outward church." John the Baptist was a burning and shining *lamp*." "The Lord added to the church daily those that were saved," *i.e.*, "those being saved." That rendering ought to satisfy the Arminians now, so also this one, "If *he* draw back," *i.e.*, the righteous, not "any man," "my soul shall have no pleasure in him." The repulsive expression, "I would to God," becomes simply I would—*ὠφειλον*. Why did not the translators go a little further just here and render the expression, *μη γενοιτο*, "let it not be so," instead of "God forbid," and also translate *δηναριον* by "a shilling" or "a "denarius" instead of a penny, as suggested by the American revisers. Canon Farrar made the confident conjecture a few years ago that the words damn or damnation would not be found in the new version. His prediction is verified, but the awful truth remains. The substitution of "condemnation" and in others of

"judgment" does not avoid the distinctly revealed doctrine of eternal judgment. In fact, to damn and to condemn have the same significance, except so far as custom has capriciously connected with the former word the idea of eternal retribution. The word hell stands in the twelve passages in which γεεννα is found, and also for the heathen term Tartarus in 2 Peter, ii. 4. Hades is properly substituted for hell in the eleven passages in which it occurs. The designation of Christ as God continues in the eight passages of the Authorized English Version in which it is found, except it be 1 Tim. iii. 6, "*He* was manifested," etc. Titus ii. 13 is improved, thus: "Appearing of the glory of our Great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

It is in the excision of extended interpolations that there will likely be the greatest shock to the prejudices entertained in favour of the Authorized English Version. Here it strikes us the translators have shown a little inconsistency and timidity. Everybody now knows that 1 John v. 7-8: "There are three that bear record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one" is unsupported by any ancient authorities. Accordingly it is expunged. There is almost as much reason for the omission of the story of the woman taken in adultery, John viii., 1-11, and of the last eleven verses in Mark. The oriental figure in v., 4, of an angel touching the water at Bethesda, referring to the ebb and flow of this medicinal spring as if by angel touch, is omitted, not being found either in the Sinaitic or Vatican Codex, nor the Codex Ephræmi, a palimpsest at Paris, though appearing in the Cambridge MS. and referred to by Tertullian. No excision has afforded such an opportunity to the secular press to appeal to popular prejudice as that of the doxology at the close of the Lord's Prayer, "Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory." These words are not found in any of the 127 uncial MSS., that is MSS. written in capital letters and all written before the tenth century. Alford calls the defence of this clause "incongruous and absurd," and adds, "No principle of sacred criticism can be of any avail if individual views of propriety are to override all the authorities of MS." Prof. Abbott, of Cambridge, Mass., well asks, "Why, when so much pains is taken to obtain as correct a text as possible of ancient classical authors, of Homer, Plato or Thucydides, should we be content with a text of the New Testament framed in the infancy of criticism from a few comparatively

modern MSS., now that our means of improving it are increased a hundredfold? Why should the mere mistakes of transcribers be repeated over and over again, and still be imposed upon unlearned readers as the words of Evangelists and Apostles, or even the Lord Himself?"

Notwithstanding the importance of the above improvements, and in so limited a space they can only be selected as samples, nevertheless there will probably be some alarmists who will protest against tampering with the sacred oracles, and will condemn the whole movement for revision as sacrilegious and destructive. Such persons, of course, simply need instruction in the fact that while the writers of the Bible were inspired, the translators in 1611 were not inspired. Many good people fail to perceive a point even so patent as this. Let these but realize that through these centuries this English Bible has contained passages as divinely inspired which evidently do not belong to the sacred records, and will not their piety and good sense unite to say, Let everything as far as its want of genuineness can be determined be expunged from that book—every word that does not properly belong to it. We have no more right, for instance, to perpetuate the spurious passage in 1 John v., 7, about the Trinity, interpolated though this probably was by some zealot for the truth, than to admit the insertion now of words that are merely human whether on the side of truth or error, and try to hand these down to the centuries following as the very words of the Almighty. If man's faith in the Bible coincides with his faith in the translators of 1611; if his faith in revelation means his faith in the Authorized English Version, it is very natural that his confidence will get quite a shock by the New Revision. Indeed it would be well to have such confidence so shaken as to lead him to inquire what really is its foundation and so avoid the risk to which he is exposed of scepticism on the discovery of the defects of that foundation, as shown by the maturest scholarship of the Christian Churches. If the New Revision fosters infidelity, as many prejudiced against it fear, the infidelity will likely be on the part of those who fail to understand intelligently the position of the whole matter, or who oppose the revision through ignorant prejudice. We are convinced, however, that far from unsettling men's minds this revision will act in the very opposite way and will tend to tranquillize and reassure. Says Bishop Lee, one of the American

translators, "We should always give the people to understand that our Authorized Version, with all its claims upon our confidence, is God's Word only so far as the primal text has been exactly preserved and faithfully rendered into our tongue." It is just because we love our English Bible so much that we long for such improvements as shall bring it nearer perfection. It is because we reverence its truths and their divine source that we desire that these truths should be presented in the most correct form possible to the great English-speaking nations that are wielding such a mighty power in the world for God and humanity.

Will the Revised Edition be at once and universally received? It is not likely. The probability is that it will only displace the old in some years when people have gradually become accustomed to the change. There was great disturbance in the Church when Jerome, in the fifth century, completed the Vulgate which was not authorized until the Council of Trent, eleven centuries afterward. After the Authorized Version appeared in 1611, so deeply rooted was the affection for the Bishops' Bible among Anglicans, and for the Geneva Bible among Puritans that these were several times reprinted after that date to meet the popular demand. Bishop Andrews himself, one of the translators of 1611, still continued after that year to quote from an older version. Yet, notwithstanding all adverse circumstances, the version of 1611 overpowered all its rivals by the force of superior merit, so we predict it will be with the version of 1881, notwithstanding that it will probably commend itself to no one as perfect.

In conclusion, as one among millions interested in the work, I have pleasure in stating that:

1st. I regard it on the whole as satisfactory.

2nd. If there should be any improvement in ought to be in the direction of more change.

3rd. I think it will in any case supersede the Version of 1611 in ordinary use within thirty years, and will do so in a much shorter time, if Sunday-schools, and the British and Foreign Bible Society adopt it, or even Sunday-schools alone.

4th. No Christian doctrine is imperilled by the revision, but on the contrary, several are stated with greater clearness.

5th. That the work instead of unsettling people's minds, as some men expect, and almost seem to wish, will lead to a more thorough study of revelation, and will so strengthen the faith of the people in the Christian system.

"THE PALACE O' THE KING."

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL.

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl'
That we're livin' in the noo,
An' sunny is the lan'
We often traivel throo;
But in vain we look for something
To which our hearts can cling,
For its beauty is as naething
To the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer,
Wi' its merry, merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter
Lays its beauties wi' the dead;
For though bonnie are the snaw-flakes
An' the down on winter's wing,
Its fine to ken it daurna touch
The palace o' the King.

Then, again, I've just been thinkin'
That when a' thing here's sae bricht.
The sun in a' its grandeur,
An' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
The ocean i' the Simmer,
Or the woodland i' the Spring,
What maun it be up yonner
I' the palace o' the King.

It's here we hae oor trials,
An' it's here that He prepares
A' His choses for the raiment
Which the ransomed sinner wears.
An' its here that He wad hear us,
'Mid oor tribulations sing,
"We'll trust oor God who reigneth
I' the palace o' the King."

Though His palace is up yonner,
He has kingdoms here below,
An' we are His ambassadors
Wherever we may go;
We've a message to deliver,
And we've lost anes hame to bring
To be leal and loyal-heartet
I' the palace o' the King.

Oh! it's honour heaped on honour
That His courtiers should be ta'en
Frae the wand'rin anes He died for,
I' this warl' of sin an' pain;
An' it's fu'est love an' service
That the Christian aye should bring
To the feet of Him wha reigneth
I' the palace o' the King.

An' lat us trust Him better
Than we've ever done afore,
For the King will feed His servants
Frae His ever-bounteous store;
Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him,
For time is on the wing,
An' soon He'll come and tak us
Tae the palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie,
Upon which the rainbows shine;
An' it's Eden bow'rs are trellised
Wi' a never-fadin' Vine;
An' the pearly gates of heaven
Do a glorious radiance fling
On the starry floor that shimmers
I' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven,
An' nae desolatin' sea,
And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample
I' the city o' the free;
There's an everlastin' daylight,
An' a never-fadin' spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory,
I' the palace o' the King."

We see our frien's await us
Ower yonner at His gate;
Then let us a' be ready,
For ye ken it's gettin' late;
Lat our lamps be brichtly burnin';
Lat's raise our voice and sing,
Syne we'll meet to part nae mair,
I' the palace o' the King!

VALERIA,

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER XV.—AT THE BATHS.

Nothing can give one a more striking conception of Roman life under the Empire than the size, number, and magnificence of the public baths. Those of Caracalla are a typical example. They covered an area of fifteen hundred by twelve hundred and fifty feet, the surrounding grounds being a mile in circumference. They formed a perfect wilderness of stately halls, and corridors, and chambers, the very mouldering remains of which strike one with astonishment. Of this very structure, the poet Shelley, in the preface of his "Prometheus Unbound," remarks: "This poem was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-widening labyrinths upon its immense platforms, and dizzy arches suspended in the air." Piers of sold masonry soar aloft like towers, on the summit of which good-sized trees are growing. Climbing one of those massive towers, the present writer enjoyed a glorious sunset-view of the mighty maze, of the crumbling ruins which rose like stranded wrecks above the sea of verdure all around, and of the far spreading and desolate Campagna.

The great hypocausts, or subterranean furnaces, can be still examined, as also the caleducts in the walls for hot air, and the metal pipes for hot and cold water. The baths were supplied by an aqueduct constructed for that purpose, the arches of which may be seen bestriding the Campagna for a distance of fourteen miles from the city. There were hot, and cold, and tepid baths, *caldaria,* or sweating chambers, *frigidaria,* or cooling rooms, *unctoria,* or anointing rooms, and many others sufficient to accommodate sixteen hundred bathers at once. There were also a vast gymnasium for exercise, a *stadium,* or race-course, and a *pinacotheca,* or art gallery. Here were found the famous Farnese Bull, the largest group of ancient statuary extant, and many *chefs-d'œuvre* of classic sculpture and mosaics.

The Baths of Diocletian, built by the labours of the Christians

during the last great persecution, one authority says, were twice as large, and could accommodate eighteen thousand bathers in a day, but that seems incredible. One of its great halls, a hundred yards by thirty in area, and thirty yards high, was converted by Michael Angelo into a church. Of the remainder, part is used as a monastery, part as barracks, and part as an orphanage, a poor-house, and an asylum for the blind, and much is in ruins. At Pompeii is a public bath in perfect preservation, with the niches for the clothing, soaps, and unguents of the bathers, and even the *strigils*, or bronze instruments for scraping the skin—the same after eighteen hundred years as though used but yesterday. By these means we are able to reconstruct the outward circumstances of that old Roman life, almost as though we had shared its busy movement.

As Ligurius Rufus drew aside the heavy matting of the doorway of the Thermæ, of Caracalla, which then, as now, kept out the summer heat from the buildings of Rome, a busy scene burst upon his view. A great hall, lighted by openings in the roof, was filled with gay groups of patrician Romans, sauntering, chatting, laughing, exchanging news, betting on the next races, and settling bets on the last. As the modern clubman goes to his club to see the papers and learn the current gossip, so all the idlers in Rome came to the baths as to a social exchange, to learn the latest bit of court scandal or public news.

"Ho, Calphurnius!" said Rufus, to the now sobered son of the city Prefect; "what's in the wind to-day? You know all the mischief that's going."

"Sorry I cannot maintain my reputation then. Things are dull as an old *strigil*. Oh, by the way," and he beckoned them into a recess behind a porphyry pillar, "there is going to be a precious row up at the palace. I tell you in confidence. The old vixen, Fausta, has got a new spite against the Empress Valeria, whom all the people of the palace love. The termagant is not fit to carry water for her bath. She has found some mare's nest of a Christian plot,—by the way you are mixed up in it, friend Isidorus. I would advise you to have a care. In the fight of Pagan against Christian, I fear Valeria will get the worst of it, *dii avertant.*"

"The palace walls are not glass," laughed Isidorus, "nor have you a Dionysius' ear. How know you all this?"

"As if the Roman Prefect did not know what goes on, that he

thinks worth knowing, in every house in Rome! He has eyes and ears in his pay everywhere; and when honest Juba, or Tubal, come with their secret intelligence, they are not above accepting double pay and letting me into the secret, too. Besides that crafty old vulture Furca was closeted with the Prefect for an hour by the clepshydra, and you always smell carrion when he is hovering round."

"What is it all about?" asked Rufus. "I am sure Valeria is as much beloved by the people as the old termagant Fausta is hated."

"There's the rub—a bit of spiteful jealousy," answered Calphurnius. "But when that old basilisk hates, she will find a way to sting."

"But what have I to do with the quarrels of the palace?" asked Isidorus, a little anxiously, for he knew not how far he might be compromised by the commission he had executed, of which he had felt not a little proud.

"You know best yourself," answered Calphurnius with a laugh. "If you have done a service to Valeria or the Christians, you have made an enemy of Fausta and the Pagans."

"Is this what you spoke of last night, and promised to explain to-day?" asked the Greek.

"Yes, I suppose so. I have no very distinct recollection of what I said. I had been supping with Rufus here, and some other roystering blades, and the Folernian was uncommonly good. Come, *amicus meus*," he went on turning to Ligurius, "don't you want revenge for those sesterces you lost last night?"

"I don't mind if I do punish you a little," yawned the young soldier. "It will kill the time for awhile, at all events."

CHAPTER XVI.—THE GAMING TABLE.

GAMING was a perfect passion among the Romans, and indeed among most ancient nations. Dice of bone and ivory, like those in use to-day, have been found in the tombs of Thebes and Luxor. Æschylus and Sophocles describe their use four hundred years before Christ, and in an ancient Greek picture now before us, a female figure is shown tossing *tali*, or gaming cubes, and catching them on the back of her hand, as children now play "Jacks." Soldiers from the enforced idleness of much of their time and

the intense excitement of the rest of it, have in every age been addicted to gambling to beguile the *ennui* of their too ample leisure—from those of Alexander down to the raw recruits of to-day. Our friend, Ligurius Rufus, had undergone frequent experience of the pains and pleasures of this siren vice; but was eager to return to its embrace. Such vast estates had been squandered, and great families impoverished, and large fortunes often staked upon a single throw of the dice—beyond anything that Homburg or Monaco ever saw—that gambling was forbidden by successive Roman laws. But when were not the rich able to indulge in their favourite vices, even under a much purer Government than that of Rome? So even in this place of public resort, were numerous alcoves in which stood gaming tables, while money changers—generally Jews—had tables near for giving good Roman sesterces in exchange for the *oboloi* or *drachmai* of Greece, the shekels of Jerusalem, or the scarabæus coins of Egypt. Into one of these alcoves the three friends now turned, Isidorus promising himself that he would only look on. He had been excessively addicted to play, but had, notwithstanding occasional success, lost so much money that he had abjured the seductive vice, especially since his visit to the Catacomb with his friend Faustus, who had urged him to forsake a practice so perilous in itself, and so opposed to Christian conduct.

Calphurnius and Rufus sat down to the gaming table, and the Greek stood looking on. The gold was placed in two piles on the board. The dice rattled, and eager eyes took in at a glance the number of red spots on the upper surface. Rufus seemed to have recovered his good fortune. Throw after throw was successful.

"That is the *Jactus Venereus*," he exclaimed with exultation, as he made the cast that counted highest. "We must have wine and I must be toast-master," for so was called the leader of the revels.

The Greek watched with honest interest the play, his eye flashing and his pulse quickening under its strange spell. The richest wines of Chios and Lesbos were ordered; and as the wine was poured into jewelled goblets, he required slight urging to partake of the fragrant vintage of the Isles of Greece. The eager play was resumed. The Greek noted each practised turn of the wrist and cast of the dice—his eye kindling and his brain throbbing with the subtle intoxication of both the game and the wine.

"I've won enough," said Rufus, "I've got back my own, and more. I don't want to ruin you, my good fellow," and he positively declined to play any more. His honest nature recoiled from taking that for which he gave no value, beyond recouping his previous losses.

"Will you try a cast," he added, turning to Isidorus. "Our friend has lots of money to lose?" and he lounged away to watch the game of ball in the Gymnasium.

"Yes, take a turn, my luck is wretched to-day!" exclaimed Calphurnius. "Come, I will stake that pile of gold on a single cast."

The Greek's whole frame was tingling with excitement—yet he was withheld by some lingering restraint of his promise to Faustus to abandon play. Calphurnius again rattled the dice, the cast was a complete blank—the worst possible combination.

"'Twas lucky for me you were not playing then," he said, laughing; "but I'll risk another if you will."

"It must only be for a small stake—a single sesterce," said the infatuated youth, quaffing a goblet of wine. "I have given up gambling."

"All right," said his friend, "it's only for amusement that I play," and he cast again, and laughing paid over his forfeit.

Isidorus continued to win, each time taking a sip of the strong heady wine. The baleful enchantment was upon him.

"Double the stakes!" he cried.

"I thought you would tire of our playing like slaves with jack-stones," replied the cool-headed Calphurnius. "This is something like play," he continued, as they doubled every time, till the stakes were soon enormous. The tide of fortune now turned; but the Greek had become perfectly reckless. Conscience was dead, a demon greed for gain had taken possession of his soul, the gaming-madness surged through his brain. He doubled and redoubled his stakes, till before he rose he had lost even the gold received from Valeria the night before, and was beggared to his last denarius. With blood-shot eyes and staggering gait he reeled away from the table, his handsome features convulsed with rage and wicked imprecations pouring from his lips.

"Don't be so vexed about it, man," said his tormentor, for so he regarded Calphurnius. "Better luck to-morrow. Here I'll

lend you enough to set you up. Let us have a bath, we both of us need it to quiet our nerves."

Isidorus, in his maudlin intoxication, accepted the offer, and declared, with much idle babble, that there was more money where that which he had lost came from—that his services were too valuable to the state to be overlooked—and that he knew a thing or two—that he could tell some secrets, if he would—and much more to the same purpose.

This was just what Calphurnius wanted. He had been set on by his father, the Prefect Naso, to worm from the Greek the secrets of the Palace and the Catacomb, and this by a series of wheedling questions he completely succeeded in doing. With some difficulty he got his victim home after he had extorted from him all that he cared to know. When Isidorus awoke next morning it was with feelings of intense disgust with himself and with all the world. He felt that he had played the fool, but how far he knew not. He remembered that he had lost all his money, yet he found a few coins in his purse. He felt that he had forfeited the confidence of his new patron Adauctus, of the Empress, and even was undeserving of the gratitude or respect of the beautiful freed-woman, Callirhoë, whose father he had restored. He had learned that there was a plot on foot againt them all. Indeed he had an impression that he had somehow added to their peril by his indiscreet revelations. He determined to warn them of their danger and try to save them.

CHAPTER XVII.—"IN PERICULIS TUTUS."

With this purpose the young Greek assuming his most decorous and sober attire, proceeded to what would now be called the bureau of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was situated near the Forum, in the cloister around which were grouped the shops of the *argentarii* and *mensarii*, or private and public bankers of Rome. It held about the same relation to those that the Treasury Department at New York does to the bankers' offices and Gold Board in Wall Street. On every side were evidences of the concentrated wealth and power of the august mistress of the world. A vast granite building, as strong and solid as a prison, was before him. Roman sentinels paced the street, hugging the wall to share the protection from the noontide heat offered by its grateful

shade. Convoys of specie, guarded by cohorts of soldiers with unsheathed swords, were continually arriving or departing. Gangs of sturdy porters, naked to the waist, were conveying the heavy iron-bound coffers to and from the vaults. Officers were counting the tallies and checking the vouchers, giving and accepting receipts. Publicans and tax farmers of many hues and varied garbs were there from many distant climes—the swart Egyptian, the olive Syrian, the graceful Greek, the pale-faced yellow-haired German or Briton. But most prominent of all, everywhere was seen the pushing, aggressive, keen-eyed, hook-nosed Jew, who in every age and every land seems to have had a genius for finance, banking, and the handling of money.

From the hundred provinces of Rome the tribute money wrung from wretched peasants, to support Imperial luxury, to maintain the conquering legions, to pay for the largess of corn that fed the Roman plebs, and for the *fêtes* of the circus that amused them, and to carry on the vast governmental administration of the Empire—all poured into this greatest focus of moneyed wealth in the world. Like Daniel in Babylon, Adauctus, the Christian, was set over all this treasure, "because an excellent spirit was in him, forasmuch as he was faithful, neither was there any error or fault found in him." The Emperors, when amid prevailing corruption, extortion, and fraud, they found an honest servant and able administrator, winked pretty hard at his private opinions, so long as they did not conflict with his duty to the State. Hence, from the days of St. Paul, we find that enrolled among the fellowship of Christ's Church were "they of Cæsar's household;" and among the epitaphs of the Catacombs we find frequent examples of Christians of lofty rank, and holding important offices of trust; as for instance: "Secretary of the Patrician Order," "Sergeant of the Exchequer," "Prefect of the City," "Ex-Quæstor of the Sacred Palace," "Master of the Imperial Household," and the like.

Making his way to the private appartment, or office of Adauctus, the Greek found him dictating despatches to a secretary. At a nod from his chief, the secretary retired, and Adauctus, with warm interest, addressed Isidorus in the words:

"Right welcome, after your successful quest. You have skilfully performed a difficult task. The Empress is greatly gratified, and you may count your fortune as good as made."

"Your Excellency is too kind," replied the Greek, with a graceful salutation; "I feel that I do not deserve your praise."

"Your modesty, my friend," remarked Adauctus with a smile, "shall not prevent your promotion. It is too rare a gift not to be encouraged."

"I have come, your Excellency," said Isidorus, with some degree of trepidation, "upon a business that nearly concerns yourself, and some to whom you wish well."

"It is very good of you," Adauctus calmly replied, "but I do not think you can give me any information that I do not already possess."

"I am in duty bound," continued the Greek, "to reveal to your Excellency, what is a secret which is sedulously kept from your knowledge. You have enemies who have vowed your destruction—the Princess Fausta, Furca, the archpriest of Cybele, and the Prefect Naso. They menace also the Empresses Prisca and Valeria, and others in high place suspected of Christianity."

"Is that all you can tell me?" asked Adauctus, with a smile. "Look you," and unlocking an ivory cabinet, he took out a wax-covered tablet on which were inscribed the names of several other conspirators against his life, with the particulars of their plots.

"I have not sought one of these disclosures," he went on, "yet they have come to me from trustworthy sources; sometimes from men who are themselves Pagan, yet with honest souls that recoil from treachery and murder."

"And you know all this and remain thus calm!" exclaimed the Greek in amazement. "With such a sword of Damocles hanging over *my* head, I am sure I could neither eat nor sleep."

"Have you never read the words," asked Adauctus solemnly, "'The very hairs of your head are all numbered?' and not a sparrow shall fall without your Father's notice. Have you never read of righteous Daniel whom his enemies cast into the lions' den, and how God shut the lions' mouths that they did him no harm. You have seen the pictured story in the Catacombs. So will my God deliver me from the mouth of the lion," and a look of heroic faith transfigured his face—"or," he whispered lower, but with an expression of even more utter trust, "or give a greater victory and take me to Himself."

"Such stoical philosophy, my master," said the Greek with bated breath, "neither Zeno nor Seneca ever taught."

"Nay," said the noble Roman, "it is not stoicism, it is faith.

Not in the Porch or Academy is this holy teaching learned, but in the school of Jesus Christ."

"Oh, wretched coward that I am!" cried the Greek, with an impassioned aspiration after a moral courage which he felt almost beyond his comprehension, "would that I had such faith."

"Seek it, my brother," said Adauctus solemnly, "where alone it may be found, at the Cross of Christ. Whoso apprehends in his soul the meaning of the Great Sacrifice, will thenceforth count not his life dear unto him for the testimony of Jesus."

"But is the way of the Cross such a thorny, bloodstained path?" asked the Greek, with quavering voice. "Are those noble souls, the highborn and beautiful Valeria, the good and gentle Callirhoë, exposed to such appalling perils?"

"We live in troublous times," answered Adauctus. "Christ came not to send peace on the earth but a sword. Whoso will save his life by cowardice and treachery shall basely lose it. Whoso will lose it for Christ's sake shall gloriously and forever find it!"

These words burned into the heart and brain of the craven Greek, and he winced and shrank beneath them as if a hot iron were searing his quivering flesh.

"But we must hope for the best," went on Adauctus more cheerfully. "We must take every precaution. Life and liberty are glorious gifts. We may not rashly imperil them. I trust that our august mistress, standing so near the throne, stands in no peculiar peril; and you may be sure her power will be used for the protection of her friends. So," he added with a laugh of keen intelligence, "if thou hast any special interest in the fair Callirhoë, be sure she enjoys the most potent patronage in Rome."

"But you, take you no precaution for yourself?" entreated the Greek. "You know not the bitterness of the jealousy and hate of your enemies."

"Oh, yes, I do," the Imperial treasurer calmly replied. "As for me, my work is here. By ruling righteously and dealing justly I can prevent much fraud, and wrong, and suffering. I can shield the innocent and frustrate the villany of public thieves—and there are many such in the high places of this degenerate city. Our heroic ancestors decreed that we must never dispair of our country. But I confess, were it not for that salt of Christian faith that preserves the old Roman world, I believe it would sink into moral putrescence. It is this divine leaven which alone can leaven the whole mass."

THE APOSTLE OF KERRY.

BY THE REV. BENJAMIN SHERLOCK.

TRADITION tells that when some English Methodists complained to Wesley concerning the great attention he paid to the work in Ireland, his answer was, "It will pay." And it has paid. Nowhere is there a section of Methodism more true to the original spirit of the movement, more warmly appreciative of the man who was its foremost leader, or sincerely conservative of his principles than the witnessing Church that has borne his name in that country. And none, in proportion to its numbers, has been more productive of great Methodists. When we mention the names of Thompson, first President of the English Conference after Wesley's death; Thomas Walsh, the profound scholar, devoted missionary and seraphic saint; Adam Clark, the well-known commentator; Charles Elliott, scholar, editor, and divine, equal in fame and influence to any of his contemporaries in American Methodism; McClintock, the accomplished scholar and divine; William Arthur, Gideon Ouseley, and others that might be named, our last remark will be justified.

Charles Graham, "the Apostle of Kerry," was one of the foremost of these great Methodists. He was a native of a place in the vicinity of the town of Sligo, in the province of Connaught, a province which, in the times of the English pale and afterwards, was looked on as a Bæotia and a Botany Bay in one, a land of moral darkness and of the shadow of death—wild, wicked, waste, and barbarous—but which has nevertheless produced its full share of religious if not of other celebrities. Ouseley, who compares best with our hero in success and celebrity, was a native of the same province, and we are not without names in Canadian Methodism first breathed in Connaught air of which we have no reason to be ashamed. Graham did not, like his brother Ouseley, belong to the class called gentry, but to the not less worthy class of farmers. Born in 1750, it was his lot to grow up in a time of profound religious indifference throughout the greater part of the Empire, and as to his own neighbourhood, a competent witness declares that "every sin might be practised with impunity, the country was degraded, ignorant, and corrupt, and after the celebration of

divine worship on the Sabbath both in the church and Roman Catholic chapel, away went all, accompanied by priest and parson, either to the chase or the merry dance-ring, so well described by Goldsmith, in his 'Deserted Village:'

> 'And still as each repeated pleasure tired
> Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.'

"Blasphemy, Sabbath-breaking, and drunkenness were awfully predominant; party spirit, pitched battles, sanguinary conflicts, nocturnal devastations, and private murders were the order of the day."

A pious Presbyterian grandmother had drilled Graham's father into the memorizing of much of the Word of God, which in turn he to some extent taught his son. But as vital piety was not known in the family the doctrine of conversion being forgotten, there was little to prevent a boy of first-class physique and health, such as young Graham was, from mingling eagerly in the rampant follies of the time And he did not entirely escape the moral contagion of the air around him. A reproof, however, administered by a local preacher, arrested him at about the age of twenty, and soon afterwards, by the light coming from Methodist ordinances, he passed from death unto life by a clear and decided conversion. His piety and force of character soon lifted him into the work of a local preacher, in which position he showed himself ever valiant for the truth, preaching with all his might at every available opportunity, rebuking sin and exhorting to repentance, until a sweeping revival blessed the neighbourhood, doubling the Methodist membership, and greatly elevating the moral tone of society around.

Maintaining his own family and his aged mother by his farm, and preaching both in Irish and English through a considerable region of country, he spent about twenty years of distinguished usefulness. During this period his biographer records encounters with priests and others, in which his native wit and spiritual intuition served him better than stores of polemic argument. Interpositions of Providence bordering on the miraculous, are recorded, which resulted in giving him a supernatural prestige in the minds of the people.

It was not, however, until he had reached the age of forty years that the Connexional Authorities called him into the itinerancy.

God had spoken to him in a dream, as much as three years previously, telling him he must go to the south-west of the kingdom to preach Christ, and that he must wait until he should be full forty years old before he could go. In fulfilment of that dream, he was appointed to pioneer work in the County of Kerry at the time predicted. The population of that county was very scant, and the friends of the Gospel could be counted by a few units. The county was one of the wildest and most uncivilized in the kingdom. The Established Church was cold and jealous; the priests and their people, lawless and hostile. But, notwithstanding these and other discouragements, his career was one of almost unbroken success. One year of his herculean labour resulted in the conversion and enrollment in the Methodist Society of two hundred members, and the formation of a new circuit, whose head was the village of Milltown. The next year was spent in the adjoining County of Cork, a region very similar to Kerry; result another new circuit, and one hundred and fifty members. Two following years the Enniskillen Circuit enjoyed his ministrations in connection with colleagues, and there is an increase of three hundred and seventy-two. Next two years on Birr and County Clare, increase three hundred and thirty-five. What a mercy that the Irish Conference was not so tied up to rule and order in his case, and that of Ouseley, as to keep such mighty Gospellers out of the ministerial ranks, and confined to one locality where their usefulness would be circumscribed, because they had passed the usual age, and were married! In ordinary times and matters, strict adherence to law and order is needful; but for emergencies, created by Providence, and in the case of agents possessing special adaptation, human arrangements ought to give way where the finger of God indicates.

Mountrath and Longford were the fields occupied during the two years preceding, and the actual year of the rebellion of 1798. A famine added its peculiar horrors to the disturbed state of the country, and prevented the achieving of large success in religious work. But immediately after the suppression of the rebellion, a "new departure" is inaugurated. Gideon Ouseley has been by this time trained by Providence and grace for his grand career, and the Conference appoints him as colleague to our hero, to travel and preach together over a wide district of country, when, where, and how often they should see fit. The records of the

year which followed, astonish us by the prodigious successes continually achieved. Those who know Ireland, the ignorance and superstitions of the Roman Catholic part of the population, their general lawlessness at that time, their proneness to criminal violence, will read with increasing wonder, how in market-places and fair-greens, and wherever large crowds were gathered, these men were found boldly denouncing sin and popular error, and preaching new and unpopular doctrines. It was work that tested all the manhood and Christian courage of those who engaged in it.

The onset on superstition and sin made by Graham and Ouseley, in 1800, was splendidly successful. Six weeks on Sligo Circuit brought two hundred increase. In Mr. Graham's letters to his son, and to Dr. Coke, we have such expressions as the following: "Every day souls were converted, Catholics attended and all yielded as melting wax before the fire." "In Mr. Harper's field preached to not less than a thousand; conversions very numerous." "The fire of the Lord has attended us wherever we came and His fear fell on the people." "The preachers and people thought it impossible that we could hold out, having not only the labours of the streets and fields, but a revival in almost every part, which keeps us preaching, exhorting, and praying for hours at a time."

A class-meeting was established by Ouseley in a dark part of the County Clare, and a leader appointed who had to come from a distance. Some of the Romanists hearing that a "new religion" was to be thus imported into the country, resolved to destroy the house where the class met. This party followed the leader on the Sabbath morning resolving to make short work of the new sect. They besieged the house, and sent in the ringleader to watch the movements, and give a signal for their entrance at the proper time. But to the great surprise of the gang outside, Pat did not re-appear as soon as they expected. They were utterly confused and disappointed. The hymn was first given out and sung. "This is very purty," said Pat, "I'll not disturb them yet." Prayer was then offered. "I'll let them alone until they have done with their prayers" said he to himself. The class began and he thought "I'll stay and hear what they have to say." At length the leader addressed him thus: "My good man did you ever know yourself a sinner before God, and that you deserved to be forever banished from His presence?" Pat broke out into weep-

ing and cried out, "Lord, have mercy upon me. What will I do? I'm a wicked sinner!" The whole meeting joined in earnest prayer for him and very soon he was sitting at the feet of Jesus quiet and in his right mind. "I knew years afterwards," says the Rev. W. Reilly, "as noble an advocate for truth as he had before been a daring opposer."

The Conference record of increase for the first three years of the General Mission is 10,473, which must have been a large percentage on the whole number of members. The author of the book,* from which most of our material is taken, spent the greater part of his ministerial life in the same line of action, and as the pages of the *Irish Evangelist*, and the experience of the writer of this article proves, with much success. These men were a force for God, entirely extra and additional to the regular circuit pastors, and working in blessed harmony with them. They were chosen and sent on account of special adaptation to that work, and by employment in it, these aptitudes became more fully developed, and they became experts in the soul-converting art. Cut loose from the many cares and various interests which the pastorate of a circuit involves, they would work with an intensity and unimpeded directness, and a facility and fitness of style that amounted to genius. They were model Methodists, in doctrine and in spirit, for the biographies both of Ouseley and Graham, record not only their marked conversion, but also their reception of the blessing of entire sanctification. In Graham's case, after narrating his strong desires and earnest search for the blessing for some time, his own account is: "Just as I arose one morning the Lord visited me in a most remarkable manner, and forcibly impressed these words of the 103rd. Psalm on my mind: 'Bless the Lord O my soul and all that is within me, bless his holy name—Bless the Lord O my soul, who *forgiveth* all thine iniquities; who *healeth* all thy diseases.' In that solemn moment I found such a change pass on my soul as I had been unacquainted with before,—a change which filled me with joy unspeakable and very full of glory. I could from that hour say that I walked all the day long in the light of God's countenance. My cup was full and running over, and so unspeakable was my joy that it lifted me above all earthly things."

*"The Apostle of Kerry." By William Graham Campbell.

His biographer states: "He was now like a flame of fire, and great numbers were led to seek, and happily found, the same heavenly treasure." He was not of that class of Methodist preachers who merely "believe" the doctrine and then let it sleep, seldom preach it, never press it, feel unable to define it in their own words, and in their course of teaching place it in some such position as Uranus or Neptune or in the Solar System, only to be seen occasionally, and that through a telescope, or laid high on a special shelf in their best theological room, covered with dogmatic muslin to save it from heretic flies, and only to be exhibited on rare occasions as their family heir-loom. No! With him it was the constant force impelling to all heroic righteousness, annihilating all self-seeking ambition; that made of Charles Graham the soul-saving instrumentality that he was. Had the energies of his will been wasted and weakened in a life-long and ever-failing battle with inbred sin, he could never have achieved the victories that he gained. Most of the famous evangelists of the days in which we live have been co-operated with by a host of believing souls, already skilled in spiritual work and more than ready to do their bidding; Graham carried into many a place where he preached, all the spirituality that was in it when he began his gospel labour.

Bartley Campbell, of whom a sketch was furnished a couple of years since in this Magazine, comes into the early part of the book. Bartley became converted while doing penance on the shores of Lough Derg, a favourite place of pious exercise for the Catholics of the North-west. He forthwith brought his wife, making her kneel in the same hollow his knees had made, thinking there might be some charm in the spot to bring the same "cure" as he expressed it, to her as he had experienced. Interviews with his priest resulted in his leaving the Church of Rome; and soon afterwards meeting with the Methodists he felt himself one with them, and after some time commenced a career somewhat after the fashion of the late "Uncle Joe Little," of Warwick, Canada, and "Billy Dawson," of Yorkshire, as an itinerant local preacher and exhorter, in which capacity he was very useful. Many a tradition of his power in prayer and eccentric forms of gospel labour prevailed through Fermanagh, Leitrim, and Sligo, among the Methodists, for many years after his decease.

"Terry McGowan," was a convert of the street-preaching at

Maguire's Bridge. He paused to listen with a game cock under his arm. Soon began to tremble and weep as the preacher exposed his sins to the gaze of his conscience, and quickly raised his hands in prayer for pardon which quickly came to his unsophisticated soul. The game cock is not heard from, but Terry gave up the mass and confession as well as cock-fighting, and when the priest endeavoured to bring him back to the Church, the former *naively* proposed to do so, if the priest will "come with me to Maguire's Bridge and get the Lord to undo what He did there for me this day." "What did He for you there" said the priest? "He said to me there, Terry McGowan, your sins are all forgiven you." "I give you up as a lost case" said the priest. The good Lord did not give him up if the priest did, for Terry remained "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord" for a number of years, and died gloriously happy, being made a rich blessing to the clergyman that administered to him his last sacrament.

In a letter to the Mission Secretary in London, written by Mr. Graham, in 1822, while labouring in County Wexford, he records the following:—

"The work is deepening and spreading. I met thirty in class in Newtownbarry last Sabbath morning. It was like the opening of heaven. One of the number was a late convert from Rome, a young man. His father enjoined him when dying to pay ten shillings quarterly to get him out of Purgatory, but his mother, who was a Protestant, dying shortly after left him her Bible with a dying request to read it. The young man felt as much attached to his mother and concern for her safety as in the case of his father, and brought five guineas to the priest to pay for her also. The priest refused, saying, 'She is hopelessly lost as a heretic, but as he was so anxious, he would write to the bishop.' The bishop was of the same mind as the priest and poor Thomas was in terrible despair when some one invited him to hear me. He came and asked my advice, I told him not to give the priest another penny and pointed him to Christ. He sought and found, and now rejoices in God excedingly."

The Rev. John Feely was one of the most conspicuous of Graham's converts. When Graham met him, he was a schoolmaster and a bigoted Roman Catholic. He was engaged as a private tutor in the family of a friend of the writer, where Mr.

Graham had a preaching appointment, Carlow Circuit. Feely was eager for controversy, and confident in his ability, and more than once engaged Graham in polemic debate. But on one occasion he quoted to Feely the words of Revelation xviii. 4-5. "Come out of her my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven and God hath remembered her iniquities," (the Babylon of the text being applied to mean the Church of Rome). Feely felt the authoritative words as though they were the call of God, his prejudice gave way, his errors vanished like midnight ghosts before the new light of Gospel truth, a genuine conversion followed and speedily he became a local preacher and after due trial entered the itinerant ministry, becoming in his turn a street preacher of a power and a success little, if any, superior to that of his spiritual father. His career in the ministry was illuminated and distinguished by powerful revivals, in which many souls were born to God.

But little, if any of the book-making art is traceable in the narrative Mr. Campbell has given us. His forte as a man, is a warm-hearted, affectionate, Whitefield-like earnestness of manner, and copiousness of language in preaching; and his fitness for continuing the work of the honoured relative whose life he has written has been demonstrated by the revivals which have followed his footsteps, in many an Irish circuit for the last thirty years or more. But the subject needs little rhetorical embellishment, a first-class picture does not *need*, though it may deserve an elaborate frame. We are sorry the book is out of print.

Mr. Graham, like his companion, Ouseley, may be said to have died in harness, never having been superannuated. He took the Athlone Circuit at the Conference of 1823, being then in his seventy-fourth year, and was instrumental in saving souls to the last. From the expressions of his dying hours we cull the following: "I am going home fast, and I will never leave this chamber until carried out. I neither fear the devil nor his bloodmen, nor all the powers of darkness, Christ is my stronghold and I defy their hellish rage; now the victory is won, and I have not a doubt of joining the blood-besprinkled band, and I have had that assurance now fifty years and I cannot be deceived. Precious Saviour, loving Saviour, praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name!"

What does this life teach? It presses upon us the old lesson of the might of an unmutilated Gospel, preached by men filled with the Holy Ghost. It and its like are to the nineteenth century what the Acts of the Apostle have been to the long centuries of the Christian era, God's great object lesson to mankind, showing how the world may be saved.

ALVINSTON, 1881.

READINGS FROM CARLYLE.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.*

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not "worship," then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother: see thy fellow Workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes, as gods; they alone surviving; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time! To thee Heaven, though severe, is *not* unkind; Heaven is kind,—as a noble Mother; as that Spartan Mother, saying while she gave her son his shield, "With it, my son, or upon it!" Thou too, shalt return *home* in honour; to thy far-distant Home, in honour; doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-

* These paragraphs are not continuous, but are quoted from different writings of Carlyle, chiefly from his "Past and Present," "Chartism," and "Sartor Resartus."—ED.

kingdoms, art not an alien; thou everywhere art a denizen! Complain not; the very Spartans did not *complain.*

Where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness—attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while *thou* livest and *it* lives; but smite, smite, in the name of God! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his *un*spoken voice, awfuler than any Sinai thunders or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn Ages; the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it now all dry,—do not these speak to thee, what ear hath not heard? The deep Death-kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

There is one Liturgy which does remain forever unexceptionable: that of *Praying* (as the old Monks did withal) *by Working.* And indeed the Prayer which accomplished itself in special chapels at stated hours, and went not with a man, rising up from all his Work and Action, at all moments sanctifying the same,—what was it ever good for? "Work is Worship:" yes, in a highly considerable sense,—which, in the present state of all "worship," who is there that can unfold! He that understands it well, understands the Prophecy of the whole Future; the last Evangel, which has included all others. *Its* cathedral the Dome of Immensity,—hast thou seen it? coped with the star-galaxies; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for altar, verily, the Star-throne of the Eternal? Its litany and psalmody the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterances of all the Valiant of the Sons of Men. Its choir-music the ancient Winds and Oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of Destiny and History, —supernal ever as of old.

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement labouriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a

cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honor, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this by act, or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

Be of comfort! Thou art not alone, if thou have Faith. Spake we not of a Communion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brother-like embracing thee, so thou be worthy? Their heroic Sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred

Miserere; their heroic Actions also, as a boundless, everlasting Psalm of Triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike. Is not God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike; is not Immensity a Temple; is not Man's History, and Men's History, a perpetual Evangel? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together.

My ingenious readers, we will march out of this Book with a rhythmic word of Goethe's on our lips; a word which perhaps has already sung itself, in dark hours and in bright, through many a heart. To me, finding it devout yet wholly credible and veritable, full of piety, yet free of cant; to me joyfully finding much in it, and joyfully missing so much in it, this little snatch of music, by the greatest German Man, sounds like a stanza in the grand *Road-Song* and *Marching-Song* of our great Teutonic Kindred, wending, wending, valiant and victorious, through the undiscovered Deeps of Time! He calls it *Mason-Lodge,*—not Psalm or Hymn:

"The Mason's ways are
A type of Existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal:—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the voices,—
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
"Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless;

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not."

THE smallest wave of influence set in motion
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before,
And we should take
Our bearing carefully when breakers roar;
One mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

HOLINESS.

As the doctrine is preached and the witnesses of the blessing multiply, many cautions will be needed. All that grows up under this cultivation will not be wheat. First. The people should be taught that offenses will come, and should be made ready for them. Some will hypocritically, and others ignorantly, say they are sanctified wholly. Such will bring a reproach upon the cause. Second, when this happens, the preacher should be careful not to draw back, and seem ashamed of the doctrine. Let him be forward to bear the reproach, and encourage others to do the same. What would be thought of a minister who should stop preaching regeneration, because some or many who professed to be born again have made shipwreck of faith and become grossly immoral. Third. If the people, some of them, speculate and question in regard to the truth of the doctrine, urge them first to seek, and afterward to speculate. No man ever did or will understand it, until experience unfolds it. Experience on this theme is as needful to understand it as it is on the new birth. O that all the disputers would become humble seekers! Fourth. When the blessing is attained, the possessor of it should be urged to pass on. How much depends on this, none can express, and none but the experienced can conceive. Standing still will be fatal to any sanctified soul—fatal, I mean, as to his retaining the witness and the comforts of that state.

I would suggest that we who profess to believe in this doctrine should be most careful of our language in regard to it. Let us never speak of it with lightness. If the doctrine is true, it is most sacredly and solemnly true. Sometimes I have heard it said of an erring or an accused brother, he is one of your sanctified Christians.

I care not what offense is charged on that brother; in nine cases out of ten, at a venture, I would rather be guilty of his offense than to have been the author of such a remark concerning him. For that remark was not so much of an insinuation that the brother in question was insincere, as it was a charge by inuendo that all who ever possessed the blessing, as Fisk,

Fletcher, and such like, were hypocrites. Nay, it was rather a blow aimed at the doctrine, at the Bible which teaches it, and at the Author of that blessed book.—*Hamline.*

Doctrinal Religion.

Mark what I say. If you want to do good in these times, you must throw aside indecision and take up a distinct, sharply-cut doctrinal religion. If you believe a little, those to whom you try to do good will believe nothing. The victories of Christianity, wherever they have been won, have been won by distinct doctrinal theology; by telling men roundly of Christ's vicarious death and sacrifice; by showing them Christ's substitution on the cross and His precious blood; by teaching them justification by faith, and bidding them believe on a crucified Saviour; by preaching ruin by sin, redemption by Christ, regeneration by the Spirit; by lifting up the brazen serpent; by telling men to look and live, to believe, repent, and be converted. This is the only teaching which for eighteen centuries God has honoured with success, and is honouring at the present day, both at home and abroad. Let the clever advocates of broad and undogmatic theology—the preachers of the Gospel of earnestness, and sincerity, and cold morality—let them, I say, show us at this day any English village, or parish, or city, or town, or district which has been evangelized without "dogma" by their principles. They cannot do it and they never will. Christianity without distinct doctrine is a powerless thing. It may be beautiful to some minds, but is childless and barren. There is no getting over facts. The good that is done in the earth may be comparatively small. Evil may abound, and ignorant impatience may murmur and cry out that Christianity has failed. But depend upon it, if we want to "do good" and shake the world, we must fight with the old apostolic weapons, and stick to "dogma." No dogma, no fruits. No positive evangelical doctrine, no evangelization.—*Canon Ryle.*

Why not Cured?

Ah! how many a poor, foolish creature, in misery and shame, with guilty conscience and a sad heart, tries to forget his sin, to forget his sorrow; but he cannot. He is sick and tired of sin. He is miserable, and he hardly knows why. There is a longing,

and craving, and hunger at his heart after something better. Then he begins to remember his Heavenly Father's house. Old words, which he learnt in childhood; good old words out of his catechism and Bible, start up strangely in his mind. He had forgotten them, laughed at them, perhaps, in his wild days. But now they come up, he does not know where from, like beautiful ghosts gliding in. And he is ashamed of them. They reproach him; the dear old lessons; and at last he says, "Would to God that I were a little child again; once more an innocent little child at my mother's knee! Perhaps I have been a fool; and the old Sunday books were right after all. At least I am miserable. I thought I was my own master; but perhaps He about whom I used to read in the old Sunday book is my Master after all. At least I am not my own master; I am a slave. Perhaps I have been fighting against Him, against the Lord God, all this time, and now He has shown me that He is the stronger of the two."

And when the Lord has drawn a man thus far, does He stop? Not so. He does not leave His work half done. If the work is half done, it is that we stop, not that He stops. Whoever comes to Him, however confusedly, or clumsily, or even lazily they may come, He will, in no wise, cast out. He may afflict them still more to cure that confusion and laziness; but He is a physician who never sends a patient away, or keeps him waiting for a single hour.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Answers to Prayer.

Sometimes God, for wise reasons, may not answer our prayers at the time they are offered; He may defer an answer for weeks or months; but He is all this time drawing us out to make our supplications with greater ardour, and more humility, and stronger faith. It is in love and mercy to us that He keeps us waiting for awhile. It is that our desire for an answer may become more intense, and our perseverance more inflexible, and that the answer, when it comes, may exceed our expectations. While the blessing is being withheld, it is becoming more vast. While the mercies and favours are kept back, the store of them is increasing. While the heavenly rain is forbidden to descend, it is only preparing to come in more copious showers.

The sweetest and most blessed manifestations of the divine

Presence are bestowed on those who are most importunate and persevering in their requests at the throne of grace. By continued and fervent prayer, by long and earnest talking with God, a condition of mind is obtained that is well-pleasing to God, so that He can bestow the blessing that is sought in perfect consistency with the administration of His government. To bestow a peculiarly great and rich blessing on one whose heart was not in a fit state to receive it, would be unwise—would be contrary to the laws of His spiritual kingdom. Before God can wisely bestow extraordinary benefits, the heart must be set on their attainment, the desires after them must become intensified, and the purpose must be fully formed, never to rest until they are obtained; and this state of mind can only be secured by prayers of uncommon fervour and perseverance. The soul must be full of burning earnestness, and the flame of prayer must ascend continually to heaven.

Get into close connection with the living fountain—the fountain of life in Christ—and then you may be the means of conveying streams of the water of life to others. If full of love yourself, you will kindle love in others. If full of light, you will communicate light. If full of the Holy Spirit and of power, other minds and other hearts will be divinely influenced.—*From "Pulpit Earnestness."*

Rejected yet Honoured.

Macaulay tells of a poor apprentice who made a cathedral window entirely out of pieces of glass that his master had condemned and thrown away. But when completed, the window won the admiration of all. The master's boasted work was rejected, and the window made by the unknown artist from condemned material was given the place of honour in the great cathedral. The wisdom of this world made its painted window of the wise, the learned, and the righteous, but the unknown Jesus of Nazareth became the architect of a new society. He rejected the noble and the wise, and chose the very material that the wisdom of this world had condemned, and from the refuse of society He has taken up the fallen sons of men and set them, like diamonds, to sparkle forever in the diadem of His glory.

—I desire to have a league, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ.—*John Wesley.*

WESLEY'S "NOTES" AND THE NEW REVISION.

It may be a trite remark that John Wesley was far in advance of his age, but nevertheless it is one which is continually receiving fresh illustration. Its latest confirmation may be found in a comparison of his "Notes on the New Testament," published in January, 1754, with the Revised Translation just issued. Of course there are in the latter a great number of emendations which it was not possible for him to have given or even to have considered. The progress which Biblical criticism, and above all, the study of the text of the New Testament, has made in a century and a quarter which has elapsed since Wesley wrote his Notes, is altogether without parallel in Church history. And this assertion involves no disparagement of the noble activities of former periods, such as that of the pre-Reformation translators, for the simple reason that they could not range as widely as their successors, nor even enter fields that then lay still undiscovered. But bearing in mind that the critics and translators of to-day have access to a vast mass of authorities unknown to Wesley, it is very interesting to observe in how many instances he has agreed with and indeed anticipated their alterations and improvements of the Authorised Version. A few instances follow, but the list is of necessity very incomplete. The Revisers have given Theophilus his proper title in Luke i. 3; so had Wesley. They have changed "deputy" into proconsul" in Acts xiii. 7 and 12; Wesley had anticipated them. In the same chapter John is described by both as the "attendant," not "minister," of Barnabas and Saul, while both again substitute "hearken," in the commencement of Paul's address in the Synagogue, for the authorised "give audience." Both replace "watch," in Matt. xxvii. and xviii., by "guard," and both discard "army" from the account given by Claudius Lysias of the riot in the Temple Court, Acts xxiii. 27. Wesley replaces it by "soldiery," and the Revisers by "soldiers." Both read "strain out" for strain at a gnat, Matt. xxiii. 24. In the new revision, "fetched a compass," Acts xxviii. 13, is altered into "made a circuit;" Wesley rendered it "coasting round." Wesley had adopted the reading "fruit of the light," in Ephesians v. 9, as the Revisers have now done. With them he has struck out "in the night," from 2 Peter iii. 10. He also reads, "I am the way *and* the truth and the life," in John xiv. 6, a rendering the evidence for which is now admitted as decisive. In the two instances in which we have hitherto found "Jesus" instead of "Joshua" (Acts vii. 45 and Hebrews iv. 8), the Revisers have very properly corrected the reading; Wesley had done the same. The "living creatures" described as joining in the heavenly worship—Rev. v. 14—are so termed both by Wesley and the Revisers; it will be a real relief no longer to read, "The four beasts said, Amen," in that most sublime passage. "Let hitherto," Romans i. 13, becomes "hindered," in the new Revision, as in Wesley's. But turning from emendations which merely discard archaisms or obsolete phrases, to those which have a distinct doctrinal significance, we find the same view holds good. The Revisers have struck out the intended words, "any man," from Heb. x. 37, and substituted "he;" Wesley had done the same; there is, perhaps, no other passage in which the Calvinism of the good men who prepared the Authorised Version so evidently biassed their rendering as it did in that verse, turning a solemn caution into hypothesis for the sake of supporting a theory. In John x. 16, the new Revision reads, "One flock, one shepherd." Wesley had expressed his disapproval of the Authorised Version here more forcibly than was usual with him; he terms the read-

ing "One fold"—"a plain false print." The new version retains the latter half of 1 John ii. 23, rendering it, "He that confesseth the Son hath the Father also" Wesley, too, had retained it, though it is given in italics by King James's translators. In 1 John v. 19, Wesley reads, "the wicked one," for "wickedness;" the new Revision renders it, "the evil one." Both revisions discard "saved by fire." 1 Cor. iii. 15, and "saved by water," 1 Peter iii. 20, substituting "through" in each case. And in Acts ii. 47, for "such as should be saved," (A.V.) Wesley reads "those who were saved," and the new Revision, still more correctly, "those who were being saved." The clear distinction in the use of shall and will, which now obtains, has, of course, arisen since the translators of 1611 completed their task; but, by duly regarding it, many passages of the New Testament are much improved. Thus, in Acts xiii. 35, Wesley's reading, "Thou wilt not suffer the Holy One to see corruption," is decidedly preferable to the "shalt not" of the Authorised Version; the new Revision reads, "wilt," but substitutes "give" for "suffer." The somewhat clumsy Authorised Version translation of John vii. 17, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine," is altered in the new Revision to "willeth to do his will;" Wesley's rendering, "If any man be willing to do his will," if not more accurate, is certainly more euphonious. In the passage (Gal. v. 17), where St. Paul describes the struggle between the spirit and the flesh, the Authorised Version reads, "So that ye cannot do the things that ye would." The new Revision reads, "That ye may not do the things that ye would," a change of the highest importance, both doctrinal and experimental; Wesley had already made it, varying from the new version in but a single word—"which ye would." Finally, in 1 Cor. xiii., the new Revision substitutes "love" throughout, for the Greek and ambiguous "charity." Wesley also rendered the sacred triplet as "faith, hope, love."

We shall have said enough in this necessarily short and somewhat hasty notice to indicate that many coincidences are to be found between Wesley's amended translation of 1754 and the new Revision. And while Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament" are (with his first fifty-three sermons) the doctrinal standards of Methodism, while ministers are pledged to them, and trustees are bound by them, we think it may gratify not a few Methodist readers to find that they have also much in common with the latest results of Biblical criticism and modern research.—*Watchman.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

The Conferences.

The annual ministerial gatherings of our own and sister Churches, are occasions of very special interest. As most of them take place in the leafy month of June, the charming spring weather and the lovely aspect of nature heighten the enjoyments of travel, and sojourn at the Conference town. To many of the ministers this annual trip is almost the only holiday season of the year—the time when the o'erstrung bow is unbent, and the tension of toil and study is relaxed. It might be thought that a week's busy occupation in Conference and committees, besides evening meetings, is not very restful; but the very change of occupation is a rest, and the social and religious enjoyments of the occasion are an inspiration and delight. To meet brethren with whom one has laboured in religious work in other days,

to renew one's youth in remembrances of the distant past, to trace God's goodness in His guidance and protection through the vale of years —these are pleasures that only the veteran in the service can fully know.

The religious services of the Conference are times of rich refreshing. This is especially the case with that time-honoured service, the Conference love-feast. Few persons can hear unmoved the experience of the gray-haired veterans, as they recount the trials and the triumphs of their pilgrimage. Many are the hearty Amens ! and Hallelujahs ! and glorious bursts of song that go up to God from glad hearts in this hallowed service. The Friday evening meeting, too—that for the reception of young men who have completed their probation—is also an occasion of the profoundest interest. The new recruits for the perpetual crusade against sin and Satan, as they buckle on their harness, are full of holy zeal and courage, and receive a hearty welcome to the ranks by the old veterans, who for many a year have borne the brunt of the battle. On Sunday, at the ordination service, they receive the accolade of their spiritual knighthood, and are enrolled as faithful soldiers of Christ's militant host.

A solemn hour also is that when the question, "Who have died during the year?" is asked. One by one their names are called over—the old, who, like a ripe sheaf, have been gathered home ; the young, who have been smitten into immortality in their early prime. Words of loving eulogy are spoken, often with tearful eyes and broken voice —tributes of affection and regret by their comrades in the war ; and then the living address themselves with renewed consecration to the unending battle for God and for His cause.

The hour of supreme interest to many, however, is that, generally late at night on the day before the Conference closes, when the Stations are read. All through the Conference, that solemn conclave, the Stationing Committee, which holds in its hands the destinies of so many households, is an object of not unnatural solicitude. The ministers would be either more or less than men if, with all the family interests involved and the welfare of those dearer than themselves, notwithstanding all their trust in a guiding and controlling providence, they did not feel a degree of solicitude concerning the decisions of that important body. Those decisions are often and inevitably disappointing. It is impossible to always meet the wishes of ministers, or to resist the pressure of lay deputations. But we think all will agree that the best judgment and most godly motives are the grounds of those decisions.

At last comes the hour for reading the stations. Every man is in his place, some, perhaps, to learn for the first time their destiny for the year—often involving the sundering of tender ties, a long and tedious journey, the seeking of a new home among strangers, and unknown hardships for wife and children in the future. Small wonder that there is felt a considerable degree of concern. The Secretary reads the decrees of the Book of Fate which he holds in his hand. Not a murmur is heard. Not a protest is made against the decisions which so vitally affect these men in their most intimate personal relations. Does the world ever witness a more sublime spectacle—of the twenty thousand Methodist ministers stationed in the United States and Canada last year, we believe that only three refused to go to their posts. This fact alone is an ample vindication of the advantages of the itinerancy.

Death of Rev. W. O. Simpson.

Never, we think, has the English Wesleyan Conference suffered from the death of so many of its foremost men as during the past year. Samuel Colley, Dr. Jobson, Dr. Punshon, and W. O. Simpson, were men of mark, the death of any of whom would give a sad prominence to the year in which they passed away ; but to fall in a single year, and by one sweep, as it were, of the great mower's scythe, is a bereavement

which extorts the cry, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth, for the faithful fail from among the children of men." The tragical suddenness of Mr. Simpson's death increase the shock caused by his departure. He was in attendance at the Huddersfield District Meeting, and had taken an active part in its proceedings, making one of his happiest speeches, when he was suddenly smitten down, apparently by apoplexy, and within two hours expired. Mr. Simpson was born in Leeds in 1831, and was therefore in his fiftieth year. He was one of the finest types of hearty Yorkshire Methodism, robust in person and in character, and full of mental and physical energy. He was one of the most distinguished and successful Wesleyan missionaries, having laboured with great success for ten years in India. On his return, he threw himself with characteristic energy into religious, temperance, and Sunday-school work, preparing for several years the Lessons for the S. S. Teachers' Magazine. He made copious use of the press for the promotion of moral reforms, and the very night before his death finished a contribution to a leading periodical. In 1879 he visited the United States and Canada, and made "troops of friends" by his genuine Christian sympathy and heartiness. At Chautauqua he fairly took by storm the immense audiences assembled to listen to his blended wit and wisdom and spiritual fervour. He also preached and lectured in Canada, to the delight of all who heard him. As a lecturer he was second only to Dr. Punshon. He told the grand old stories of John Nelson, Sammy Hick, Billy Dawson, and other worthies of early Methodism, in a way to kindle and quicken the religious impulses of all his hearers.

"As a preacher," said the Rev. E. E. Jenkins, at his funeral, "he had the pre-eminent advantage of being a child-like and happy believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He was full of faith. He never reasoned with the Gospel; he reasoned with sinners—the Gospel was his message. He was not disposed to justify or to apologise for it. He proclaimed it, and was a little less patient with the unbelief of the day than some of us are disposed to be. He took pains that the honest inquirer should find a genial task; and, as many of you know, in helping the timid spirit to take heart, and venture on Jesus; he assailed a mocking and flippant scepticism with a power of ridicule and sarcasm which I have never seen surpassed. There was no anger in it; it was too triumphant to be angry. We all remember that facial expression of grim comedy which was the prelude of his terrific banter in dealing with those whom no other weapon would reach. It reminded one of the destructive irony of the prophet of Carmel."

The International Sunday-School Convention.

This great gathering, which has just closed its sessions in our city, is, we think, the most important religious assembly which has ever met in Canada. It represented, by accredited delegates, not only the Sunday-school work of this great continent, but also, in some degree, that of Great Britain and the continent of Europe as well. Never, we think, have so many active Christian workers, drawn from so wide an area, assembled in the Dominion; if, indeed, in America. From the everglades of Georgia, from the cotton fields of the Carolinas, from the cane-brakes of Alabama, from the rice-fields of Louisiana, from the cypress forests and orange groves of Florida, from the vast prairies of Iowa and Kansas, and from the far distant Washington Territory—

> Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
> Save his own dashings—

from almost every part of this Dominion, and from almost every great city on this northern continent, were assembled a host of earnest-souled, warm-hearted, well-trained Sunday-school workers—lawyers, bankers, merchants, statesmen, teachers, and preachers, to devise wise methods and liberal measures for carrying on God's work in the world. Many of the veterans of the Sunday-school

host were there—B. F. Jacobs, John B. Vincent, Father Chidlaw, W. P. Paxon, C. B. Stout, General Cowden, L. H. Biglow, Wm. Reynolds, Prof. Sherwin, Governor A. H. Colquitt, D. McLean, S. H. Blake, and many another, who have for years devoted their best energies to this glorious work. Including visitors, there were probably not less than 1,000 present from abroad. From Georgia alone there were over 80. The writer accounts it one of the great honours of his life to have been elected Secretary of this august body.

The Convention was a most harmonious and successful one. The pavilion in which it met, with its broad area, its two galleries, its large conservatory, its beautiful surroundings—fountain and flowers, with the blended Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes, gave admirable accommodation. But in the evenings even this space was crowded to the utmost, and overflow meetings were held in the neighbouring churches. The welcome of our foreign visitors to our homes and hearts was most cordial, and their responses were most hearty. The religious influence throughout was most hallowed, growing deeper and deeper to the close. Such singing we never heard. The grand old hymns which have been the marching songs of the Church from victory to victory, rang out with a triumphant power that thrilled every soul. Callous, indeed, must have been the heart that was not stirred to its depths as at the closing meeting the vast assembly, each, clasping the hands of his neighbour on either side, sang, "There is a Fountain filled with Blood." "I never expect to be happier," said a horny-handed veteran from Iowa, to the writer, "till I sing the song of Moses and the Lamb on high."

The subjects discussed were eminently practical: The Progress of the International Lessons among the Nations; Provincial, State, and Local Organization; the Duty of the Church to the Sunday-school; the Art of Teaching; Self-training and Teachers' Meeting; Work of Missions in the Sunday-school, and the like. The lessons taught or suggested by these discussions, to the hundreds of delegates and visitors, cannot fail to be an inspiration to renewed zeal in their blessed toil, in their various and far-scattered fields of labour.

Much important business was also performed in committees. Arrangements were made for more aggressive work than was ever before attempted, involving, before the meeting of the next Convention, the expenditure, including expenses of the Committee who select the international lessons for the whole world, of over $20,000, most of which was pledged upon the spot by the representatives of the different states and provinces. It is only nine years since this scheme was adopted by the Indianapolis Convention, and already it has belted the globe, and exhibits the "promise and the potency" of incalculable good.

Another benefit of these conventions is the cultivation of international friendship and good will. These thousand visitors—preachers, teachers, statesmen, and "elect ladies" not a few, are the moulders of opinion in their neighbourhoods. Their sojourn among us, and the hospitalities it has been our privilege to extend, have made them our friends forever. Not one of the least of these was the courteous invitation of Lieut.-Col. Gzowski and lady to a charming garden-party, at their beautiful grounds. By such kindly amenities the bonds of friendship will be knit closer and closer, and such influences will go far to prevent any rupture of the peaceful relations which for now well-nigh seventy years have subsisted between the two great English speaking races which occupy this continent.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

The Annual Conferences were held during the month of June. Those in the Maritime Provinces will be reported next month. The three Western Conferences were seasons of great spiritual enjoyment. Napanee, Brantford, and Brampton were the places chosen for the annual gatherings. Rev. Dr. Douglas preached the ordination sermon at the Conferences of London and Toronto, and Rev. Dr. Sutherland preached at the Montreal Conference. Both preachers sustained their well-earned reputation.

The public services were all very numerously attended, and several of the sessions of the Conferences were visited by numerous friends. Rev. H. F. Bland, A. Langford, and J. G. Laird were elected to the office of President, in their respective Conferences, and Revs. J. T. Pitcher. W. C. Henderson, M.A., and S. J. Hunter were elected Secretaries, the latter was re-elected. It was gratifying to learn that the increase in the membership of the Church exceeded 2,000. This number, doubtless, will be regarded by some as small, but remembering that there has been a great tide of emigration from all parts of Ontario and Quebec, it may be regarded as an omen of good that the increase is so large as it is. The funds, especially the Missionary and Superannuated Ministers', present a very gratifying increase of somewhere about $6,000, but, as the grant from the Parent Society ceases this year, we fear that the prospect of our brethren on Domestic Missions is not very gratifying.

The reports of the various committees, such as Sunday-school, State of the Work, Temperance, and others, contained several items of more than ordinary interest. The increase of membership among the Sunday-school children, and the number of conversions that have occurred during the past year are much larger than at any former year. The Book-Room report was especially gratifying. More than 100,000 volumes have been issued, as was stated in our last issue. The Superannuated Ministers' Fund received a donation of $2,000 from the profits of the Book-Room.

The scythe of death has cut down several ministers, but the majority of them had for some time past been laid aside from active labour, others were compelled to ask for a superannuated relation, among whom were the names of the Rev. W. Scott, W. Willoughby, R. Brooking, and C. Lavell, M.A. The three former had been in the itenerancy more than forty years, and the latter had been in active labour thirty-nine years. Pressing demands were made for an increase of labourers in the North-West, and it was pleasant to learn that there were sufficient men to supply all demands. Several young men of more than ordinary promise were presented as candidates for the ministry. It has been the privilege of the writer to attend more than thirty Conferences, and on no former occasion was there greater care exercised in reviewing candidates, or in the examination of those who are still on probation.

The solemn question, who have died, awakened peculiar emotions in all the Conferences. Some comparatively young had gone up higher, and others further advanced in years had gone the way whence they could not return. The name of Dr. Morley Punshon, who for five years was President of the Canada Conference caused many tears to be shed. Resolutions of condolence were adopted and sent to his sorrowing widow.

WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

Foreign Missions.—The receipts for the year closing April 30th, 1881, were $650,466, a slight gain on the previous year. Missions are conducted in Europe, India, China, South and West Africa, and the West Indies. Central, or principal places called circuits, 411, chapels and other preaching places, in connection with the above-mentioned central or principal stations, 2,493 ; Missionaries and Assistant-Missionaries, 460 ; other paid Agents, as Catechists, interpreters, Day-school Teachers, &c., 2,011 ; unpaid agents, as Sabbath-school Teachers, &c., 7,906 ; full accredited Church members, 88,132; on trial for Church membership, 11,990 ; scholars, deducting those who attend both the day and Sunday-schools, 88,867 ; printing establishments three.

The annual meeting was held in Exeter Hall, the Lord Mayor of London, the Hon. W. McArthur, M.P., occupied the chair. There was a large array of speakers, both clerical and lay. The collections, including those at the three annual sermons were nearly $8,000, more than one-half of which was given by the chairmen in honour of Dr. Punshon. In addition to the above, nearly $1000 were the receipts at the China Breakfast meeting.

There are several Wesleyan anniversaries held at London during the month of May, notably are those of Foreign Missions, Home Missions, and the Metropolitan Chapel Building. One of our contemporaries says, that the meetings of 1881, are among the most interesting, the most profitable, and the most encouraging of their kind ever held. And there have been such with other denominations. Jesus reigns, and his enemies are falling before him.

In connection with the Home Missions, District Missionaries are employed. In one of the northern districts of England, well known to the writer, three such missionaries are employed, one of whom is the Rev. T. Champness. In twenty-one months 2,500 persons have declared themselves to be anxious inquirers. The mode of procedure will be considered by some as somewhat novel. Mr. Champness will go into the street and ring a hand-bell, and then give a few words of exhortation and invitation, and thus secure a good attendance at the public service. In one place a Chinese lantern was suspended with the words, "Come and hear the mission preacher" engraved on it. The district missionaries labour extensively as evangelists, in aiding circuit ministers in special services, and great good has resulted from their labours.

The Metropolitan Chapel Fund is doing great good. Since 1861, fifty-five churches have been built. About 80,000 sittings have thus been provided, and a membership of about 8,000 has been secured. The missionary income from those new places of worship exceeds $20,000. Eleven new places of worship are now in course of erection. The late Sir Francis Lycett contributed munificiently to this fund The Rev. Gervase Smith, D.D., the indefatigable secretary, is now laid aside by paralysis, and the question is asked, who will fill his place? God buries His workmen, but carries on His work.

Funeral sermons have been preached in almost every part of England in memory of Dr. Punshon. In Doncaster, where he was born, it is proposed to build a new school-room at Priory Place Church, in honour of his memory.

The returns from the districts in England have been completed, from which it appears that the net increase in the membership of the Church is 4,244.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

Some of our English exchanges contain notices of the onward movements of this branch of the Methodist family. At Kirby Malyeard, Ripon Circuit, where the writer has often preached, a church has been dedicated by Rev. Dr. Watts, formerly of Canada.

Halifax, Yorkshire, is one of the most important places in the Connexion. Salem Church was recently re-opened by Dr. Watts. The Conference meets there this year, and in view of this event, the Church was renovated at a cost of $1,500.

Primitive Methodist.

For fifteen years this denomination has laboured most zealously in erecting new churches in London. Fifty churches and school chapels have been built in that time, in which hundreds of souls have been converted. The said Churches provide accommodation for 15,122 adults and 5,000 children.

Three of the ministers stationed at Belfast, Ireland, were recently fined by some magistrates for "indecent behaviour," or preaching in the public streets, but an appeal was made to the Recorder, who completely quashed the previous decision, and spoke in the highest terms of such men as the accused ministers. The decision of the Recorder has given great satisfaction to those who are zealous in the defence of the right of open-air worship.

Our friends, the Primitives in Canada, recently held their Conference in Kingston, and took a step in advance respecting a minister's stay on a circuit. Some time ago, it was said, to accommodate a city Church, they extended the limit to five years, now they allow the term to be six years, where all parties are agreeable.

May Meetings.

The British and Foreign Bible Society, at its seventy-seventh anniversary, lately held in London, reported its entire receipts to be more than one million of dollars. The issues, greater than at any former year, reach 2,846,029, making a total, since the formation of the Society, of more than 91,000,000. Sixty-three colporteurs are employed in France, and 112,000 copies of the Scriptures have been circulated during the year. Austria gives painful cause of regret, making opposition in many parts to the selling of the Scriptures ; but the colporteurs keep up heart and hope.

Religious Tract Society.—This Society reported that the total circulation from the home depot, including books and tracts, periodicals counted in numbers, cards, and miscellaneous issues, had reached 69,089,400, of which more than 25,000,000 were tracts, an increase of about 3,000,000 during the year. The issues from foreign depots were stated at 12,000,000, making a total circulation of 81,089,460, and of 2,012,047,900 since the formation of the Society. The total receipts from all sources are $967,902.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The annual meeting of the Board of Missions was held in May last, at Nashville, Tennessee. The Rev. Dr. Summers occupied the chair. The expansion of the foreign work in Mexico, China, and Brazil, demanded earnest and careful survey. The domestic missions are numerous, and demand more attention than they can secure. $200,000 is asked for, or an increase of more than 50 per cent. China receives an appropriation of $30,000, while Mexico receives $82,500. Office and contingent expenses receive $13,900. The balance, including $11,575 to Indian Missions, is appropriated to the missions within the bounds of the various Conferences. The membership of the Church is now 837,831, a gain of 15,350 members. Nearly 5,000 Indians are included in the membership.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Epigmenio Monroy, a teacher and missionary in Mexico, has lately been added to the noble army of martyrs. He was seized by fourteen men, armed with swords and clubs, as he was going to an appointment. When found, he was terribly cut and bruised, having one leg broken and one arm broken in two places. His last words were : "Tell the brethren that as far as I am concerned, it is all right. I am happy." In one week another noble brother was ready to enter the breach which had thus been made.

The Theological School at Bareilly, India, was opened in 1872. Its present graduating class numbers 13, making a total of 56 graduates in a full three years' course of study since the institution was opened.

The Iowa Methodists have a wholesome custom of holding a State Convention once in ten years. The second of a series was recently held, Bishop Hurst presiding. The man is living and in itinerant harness who organized the first Methodist Society in the State, in April, 1834, in Burlington. It consisted of six persons. The Convention just held represented four Conferences (besides the German, Swedish, and Norwegian work), containing 75,000 members and 500 travelling ministers.

The great revivals in Roberts Park Church, Indianapolis, under the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. S M. Vernon, continued for ten weeks, during which the Rev. Thomas Harrison conducted the services. It is estimated that 1,500 penitents knelt at the altar; the name and residence of more than 1,000 converts were taken, while many conversions were not reported.

Bishop Peck has gone to Europe to preside at the Conferences to be held previous to the Ecumenical Conference, which he will also attend. Bishop Bowman has gone to Japan and China.

BOOK NOTICES.

Ben-Hur: A Tale of the Christ. By LEW WALLACE. 12mo., pp. 552. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.75.

It is a somewhat perilous attempt to introduce sacred characters into a tale of the imagination. While giving vivid conceptions of the period of his story, Mr. Wallace has not altogether escaped this peril. He is certainly master of a graphic style. Many passages are of intensely dramatic interest. He has also carefully studied the archæology, topography, and literature of the subject. The book opens with the visit of the Wise Men to Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and their worship of the new-born Christ. Ben-Hur is a prince of Israel, who, by accident, lets fall a tile from his house-top on the head of the Roman Pro-consul. He is condemned to the galleys, and his estate confiscated. He saves a Roman tribune in a sea fight, and is adopted as his heir. Trained in Roman arms, he determines to free his country. Returning to Palestine he becomes a devoted follower, for three years, of our Lord. His mother and sister, who, thrust into an infected prison, had become lepers, were healed by the word of Christ, and restored to their long-lost son and brother. They witness, together with Bellhazar, the Egyptian magus who worshipped at Christ's cradle, the awful scene of the crucifixion; and Ben-Hur it is who offers the sponge dipped in vinegar to the dying Sufferer. Only at the very last does the spiritual nature of that kingdom which he was looking for as a temporal sovereignty dawn upon the mind of the patriotic Jew The plot of the story is not very well constructed, nor is it in parts quite unobjectionable; but we judge that it correctly represents the period described. It is a curious thing that while discharging his duties as a Major-General of the U. S. Army, and Governor of New Mexico, Mr. Wallace should have the disposition and opportunity to pursue these studies and write this book.

A Fool's Errand. By ONE OF THE FOOLS. 12mo., pp. 331. New York: Ford & Co.

The "reconstruction" of the Southern States of the American Union after the war was one of the most difficult problems ever attempted. To readjust the dislocated relations of blacks and whites, secessionists and unionists, to reconcile law and liberty, to allay

antipathies, and remove caste prejudices, to blend northern and southern ideas, was an almost hopeless task. This book records the failure of one such attempt. As a story it lacks natural sequence and veri-similitude; but as a political pamphlet it is a powerful indictment of the reconstruction policy. It is understood to be the work of Judge Tourjee, who has an ample knowledge of life in the South, and gives graphic pictures of life among the freedmen and their late masters. The name of the book is the cleverest thing about it. The hero, an ex-union soldier or "Canadian Yankee," as he is called, buys an estate in Georgia, sells most of it in small farms to freedmen, and finds himself completely ostracised by his southern neighbours. A frightful picture is given of the outrages of that mysterious organization of masked midnight murderers, the Klu-klux-klan. Like the Council of Ten, the Vehmgerecht, the Indian Thugs, it caused a reign of terror which paralysed the arm of justice, and tortured, hanged, or otherwise killed its victims without fear and without restraint. Many of the instances of outrage seem incredible, but the worst of them, the writer avers, have been confirmed by sworn testimony, and by fifteen volumes of evidence taken by a commission of Congress. The "Fool," after failing in his mission for reorganizing society in accordance with northern principles, at last dies of yellow fever. The personal kindness and chivalry of the southerners is admirably portrayed, but their political character is represented as one of wanton despotism. The book is strongly partisan, and we presume our southern friends would say is a distorted caricature. We suspect, however, that in many respects it is only too true a picture of a transition state of society, which we trust is giving place to a better type.

The Home of Fiesole, and the Times of Savonarola. Pp. 350. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

This is a touching story, giving a picture of the great religious movement under the "Prophet of Florence," and of its tragical termination in his martyrdom, and the religious reaction which has kept Italy ever since the minion of the Pope. But when we compare this book with the treatment of the same subject in George Eliot's "Romola," —the grandest, we think, of all her novels,—it is to the latter "as moonlight is to sunlight, or as water is to wine."

Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face. By the Rev. CHARLES KINGSLEY. pp. 487. Methodist Book Concern, New York; and Wm. Briggs, Toronto. Price, paper 60c. Same in Harper's Franklin Square edition. Price 15 cents.

This is the greatest of Kingsley's historical tales. It illustrates the conflict between Christianity and paganism, in the fifth century, for the possession of the race. It was a great transition era, "Everywhere," to use the striking figure of our author, "the mangled heads of the Old World were seething in the Medea's caldron to come forth whole and young and strong." The scene is laid chiefly in Alexandria, which was a sort of newer Athens or older Paris; a centre of both fashion and philosophy. We know nothing more tragical in history than the fate of the heroic, beautiful Hypatia, the last teacher of Greek philosophy, butchered by the hands of bigoted monks, and her flesh scraped from her bones with sharp shells, and her body burned with fire. So striking and truthful a picture is given of this important period that this book has been selected for the Chautauqua course, and some twenty thousand members of the C. L. S. C., have been, or are now diligently studying its pages.

Memories of James Bain Morrow. By the Rev. A. W. NICOLSON. p.p. 179. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto and Halifax.

This is one of the most interesting books of biography we ever read. The subject was a man of singularly attractive character, and

the author has thrown such a literary charm about his story of Mr. Morrow's Christian life and death that few who begin the book will lay it down lest they have read it through. It is full of wise suggestions, especially to the young, and the object of the writer, "to perpetuate Mr. Morrow's influence among young men," has been abundantly met. It is wise to place on record such examples of Christian faith and labour as that of Mr. Morrow. It shows that while diligent in business a man may be fervent in spirit, in everything serving the Lord, that we may so live that if to us, as to him, came sudden death, it would find us not unprepared. The book is one of the handsomest issues of our Publishing House.

The Obligations of Theology to Science. By the Rev. A. BURNS, LL.D., and the *Divine Call to the Ministry.* By the Rev. E. B. RYCKMAN, D.D., pp. 82.

This pamphlet contains the Fourth Annual Lecture and Sermon before the Theological Union of Victoria College, and they well maintain the high character of the course. Dr. Burns' timely Lecture gives many curious illustrations of the antagonisms of a pseudo-science and a crude theology in the past, and the "sweet reasonableness" of religion as based on both testimony and experience.

Dr. Ryckman's sermon is an able defence of our Methodist doctrine as to the essentials of a call to the Christian Ministry, and our practice as a Church in admission to its ranks. We congratulate the Theological Union on its growing influence and membership, and on its annual contributions to high-class Christian literature.

The Hon. Judge Wilmot: a Biographical Sketch. By the Rev. J. LATHERN. Revised Edition, pp. 165. Toronto: William Briggs. Halifax: Methodist Book Room. Price, 75 cents.

In the life and character of the late Judge Wilmot, Mr. Lathern found an admirable theme for his graceful pen, and has paid a worthy tribute to a great and noble man. The success of the first edition was such as to demand a second. Mr. Lathern has taken advantage of the opportunity thus given to revise and greatly improve the biography. As on its first issue, we highly commended this work, we have only to say that it is now still more worthy of our commendation. We wish that the lessons of his noble life could be brought home to every young man in the land. Judge Wilmot as a lawyer, a statesman, a patriot, and a Christian, was a bright example to his countrymen. We rejoice that his memory is enshrined in such an admirable record. A "speaking likeness," and an excellent introductory address, by the Rev. D. D. Currie, accompany the book.

Studies in the Gospel According to St. Matthew By the REV. J. CYNDDYLAN JONES. 320 pp. Canadian copyright edition. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1 25.

The admirable volume of "Studies in the Acts," by the celebrated Welsh preacher, Rev. J. C. Jones, has been received with such favour as to lead to the preparation of similar studies in the Gospels. Our Book Steward, with his usual enterprise, promptly arranged for a special Canadian copyright edition of this popular book, which, printed and bound in our own establishment, is offered at considerably less than the English edition. The book is characterized by the clear logical method, strength of style, and beauty of illustration, which made the former volume of the author such a success.

Wesley's Doctrinal Standards. Part I. The Sermons with Introductions, Analysis, and Notes. By REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D. 523 pp. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $2 50.

Dr. Burwash, the accomplished Dean of the Theological Faculty of Victoria University, has rendered valuable service to all students of Wesleyan theology, by this edition of Wesley's Standard Sermons, with the accompanying analysis, elucida-

tions, and notes. The question is often asked, What are the doctrinal standards of Methodism? In this volume that question is fully answered. But the book is especially designed for the use of candidates for the ministry, local preachers, sabbath-school teachers, and Christian workers. The excellent introduction, the analysis of the Sermons, and the historical and other notes appended, greatly facilitate this important study. We have much pleasure in commending this book, not only to the young ministers, but to all the thoughtful laymen of our Church. The book is the first, we hope, of a series of valuable theological works by the Professors of our Colleges.

The Angels of God. By the Rev. LEWIS R. DUNN, D.D. Pp. 299. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The doctrine of angels, or celestial messengers and ministrants, is common to almost every religion in the world. But only in the Sure Word of Testimony have we authentic revelation of their origin and nature, their holy ministries and blessed employments. The author of this book collates from Holy Scripture all that is said on this profoundly interesting subject, and in a series of fifteen chapters evolves much instructive and inspiring religious teaching. The crude superstitions of vulgar Demonology, and of an unscriptural Angelology, are also illustrated. The author does us the honour to quote from our book on the Catacombs in confirmation of the doctrine of Angels as held by the primitive Church.

The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People: An Historical Review. By JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT. pp. 128. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

In four well-written chapters Mr. Bourinot gives the best account we have met of the educational, journalistic and literary progress of Canada. It is, for a patriotic writer, an agreeable theme; and the record shows that, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of creating a national literaure in competition with that of Great Britain and the United States, Canada has no reason to be ashamed of her progress in this direction. In the matter of education and journalism, indeed we question if it is surpassed by any country in the world, regard being had to the extent and condition of the population.

Among the recent issues of Funk's cheap standard series are 8vo. editions of Disraeli's "Lothair," and Carlyle's "Sartor Resartos," at 25 cents each. The former book has had a sale of 80,000 copies in the United States. This cheap edition will still further swell the number. "Sartor" is one of the most characteristic of Carlyle's works, yet for years it could find no publisher. The Rev. Wm. Briggs is the exclusive agent for the Dominion of all I. K. Funk's standard publications

Mrs. M. E. Lauder, an accomplished Canadian lady, has just issued from the press of Hodder & Stoughton, leading London publishers, a volume of *Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains.* Mrs. Lauder has lived for some time in this legend-haunted region of German story and tradition, and in this volume has collected a large number of the most romantic examples of this ancient folk-lore. The volume may be ordered through our Book Room. Price $1.50.

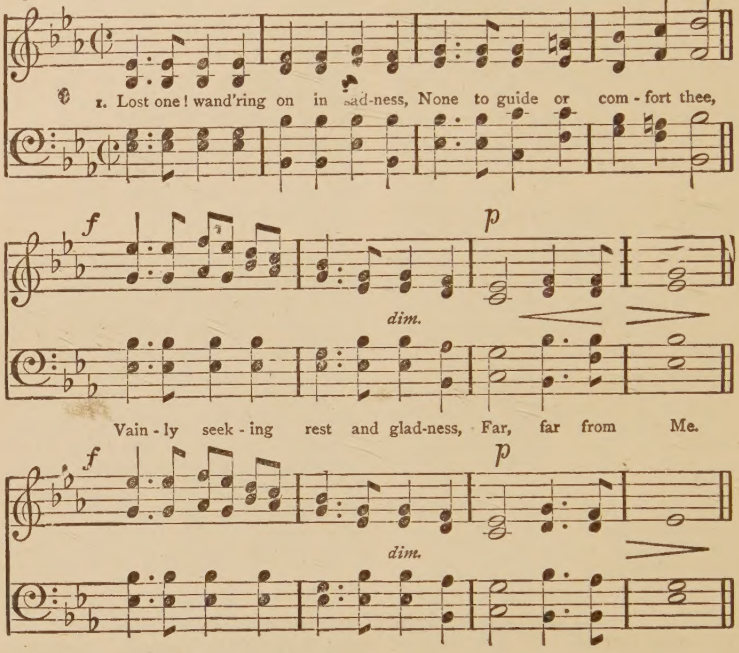
We have received a copy of Lyte's beautiful "Abide with me" set to appropriate music, by F. H. Torrington, Esq., the accomplished conductor of the Toronto Philharmonic Society. It is dedicated to the Rev. Dr. Potts. Suckling & Sons are the publishers. This setting of one of the most beautiful hymns in the language is sure to become a favourite.

LOST ONE.

(By permission.)

J. M. WIGNER.

Tune—"STAR OF PEACE."


1. Lost one! wand'ring on in sad-ness, None to guide or com - fort thee,
f
p
dim.
Vain - ly seek - ing rest and glad-ness, Far, far from Me.
f
p
dim.

Peace I offer, and salvation,
Pardon—blood-bought, full and free—
Spurn no more My invitation,
Come, come to Me!

3 Long I've watched thee blindly straying,
Long have I been calling thee;
Time flies swiftly, cease delaying,
Haste, haste to Me!

4 Lord, I come, my sins confessing,
Jesu's blood my only plea;
Keep me in the path of blessing,
Close, close to Thee!

5 Then, when I am called to sever
From the friends so dear to me,
I shall dwell in heaven for ever,
Blest, blest with Thee!

ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN, FROM THE FALLS OF THE TIBER.